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25 WOMEN STRIP FOR ACTION

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Hairy Prince

APRIL 1998

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HUSTLER

APRIL 1998



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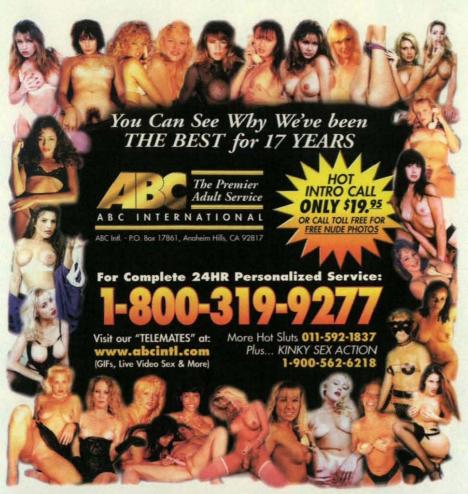


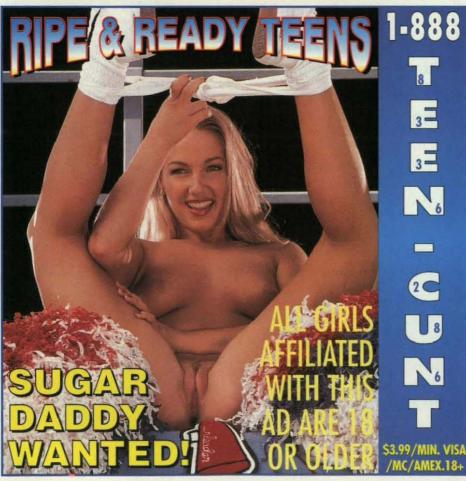












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All nude models are 18 years of age or older. Cover photo by Matti Klatt



ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

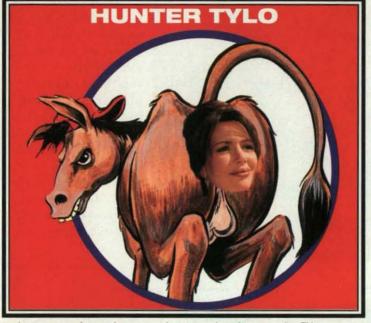
Is it healthy to want to fuck a chick and hate her too? To yearn to slide penis into her every orifice, to tongue her clitoris, to rim her tangy sphincters, to pop your shit-coated cock from her rectum to her mouth and to finally lather her face in a thick coat of semen and, despite these aching lusts, still realize that the chick is a false-faced turd? The answer is ves, indeed, especially if the snatch owner in question is Hunter Tylo. Tylo is a soap-opera actress, a supreme grudge-fuck recipient and HUSTLER's Asshole of the Month for April 1998.

Hunter Tylo was recently awarded \$5 million damages in her wrongful-termination, breach-of-contract and pregnancy-discrimination suit against Spelling Entertainment Group and Spelling Television Inc. The actress had been fired from Spelling's educational TV program Melrose Place.

Tylo won her five million despite never having appeared on the show.

Aaron Spelling's company had hired Tylo to portray a "vixen, seductress and adulteress." Tylo, who plays sexy psychologist Taylor Hayes on the CBS daytime soap *The Bold and the Beautiful*, was perfect for the whorish part—an improbably hot quiff who oozes sluttishness so that sex drips from her every move.

Relations between 34-year-old Tylo and her *Melrose Place* employers imploded when she informed the show's producers that she was pregnant. Not wanting to inflict images of a swollen cow in a bikini upon the viewers, the executives fired her. Spelling attorneys cited a contractual clause that entitled



them to terminate the actress's employment if her appearance suffered a "material change."

Tylo was hired on the basis of appearing highly fuckable to the vast majority of straight-male *Melrose Place* viewers. Pregnant women, while a strong but limited fetish, are not a turn-on to the general population of horny males.

Tylo would have been fired for any other unsightly medical condition arising from unprotected sex, such as facial herpes. What makes a disfiguring case of pregnancy different? Could it be that ten of the 12 starstruck jurors were women?

Gloria Allred, a female attorney in the worst way, is always available to perform wherever there's an aggrieved cunt and a TV camera. Allred avoided the case's contract issues and concentrated on convincing the ten women on the jury that a woman can be foxy while knocked up. "[Tylo] took on an entertainment-industry giant," crowed Allred, who likened the millionaire actress to Rosa Parks, a lone, poor, black woman who refused to move to the back of an Alabama bus and ignited the civil-rights movement.

"I've had a great deal of faith that God would see me through this whole thing," Tylo said in praise of her own courage. "People were telling me that I was hurting my career, but I came through all of it."

Tylo's best acting to date was on the witness stand. She presented

herself as a born-again Christian and wailed that she only sued because the firing had forced her to consider an abortion to keep her job. "For a brief moment I'm ashamed of, I considered having an abortion. I considered it, and I'm ashamed.

"I don't ever want to see a woman put in that position again."

Saint Tylo appears to have been shamed by *Melrose Place* itself. "I wanted to play a character with integrity," testified the woman hired to play a husband-stealing slut. "I have a problem portraying disposable marriages."

Tylo's courtroom act included a pronouncement that the verdict was a victory "for every woman, for every child that's not born." Tylo failed to elaborate on her plans to split up her five million among every woman and every child not born.

Resembling a real actress, Hunter stayed in character after the trial, declaring that the verdict sends "a message to producers to stop treating actresses like pieces of meat."

She broke down with cameraready sobbing: "I wanted to hear that yes, indeed, I could have done that job."

The job was to portray a piece of meat.

Tylo claimed that her pregnancy could have been hidden with clothing and props. This logic is like a side of beef expecting to keep its fur and still be a piece of meat.

Tylo easily could have avoided the entire issue of camouflaging her pregnancy. If only she had taken dick in her asshole instead of being an Asshole.

Farts in the Wind

charles Spencer: Before she became a saint, Princess Diana was reputed to be one of the planet's dumbest mammals. Her younger brother, Charles Spencer, injects Diana's stupidity with his own boozy righteousness. Unknown in this country until his pronouncement at Diana's funeral that "every proprietor and editor of every publication that has particular exploitative blood on his Spencer was a British m featuring his make Cham of his siste just anoth Asshole?

that has paid for intrusive and exploitative photographs has blood on his hands today." Earl Spencer was paid \$375,000 by a British magazine for photos featuring his family. Does this make Champagne Charlie guilty of his sister's murder, or is he just another royal blowhard Asshole?

Latrell Sprewell: Who among us has not wished to throttle a psychotic boss? Who among us would not be arrested for threatening to fetch our gun and murder our boss after our co-workers had pried our fingers from the man's throat? Sprewell has attacked a teammate with a two-by-four and assaulted another player, which paints him as an on-the-job Asshole.

BABY IN A BAGGY. So Easy, You'll Say...

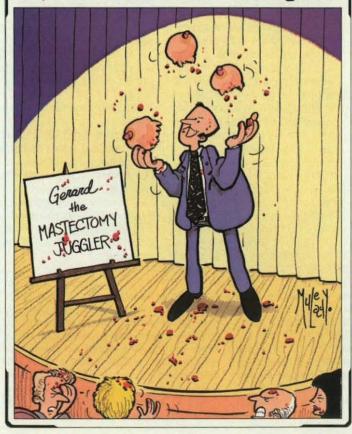


Does Louise Woodward have one in the oven? Yes, and it's a nice, crispy 18-month-old. With all the exhaustion of being an au pair, thank goodness for Shake 'n' Baby Bake Au Pair

Style, a quick and easy meal that's a perfect antidote to an arduous day of throttling the little bugger into a deep sleep or testifying in court on your own behalf. Simply seal baby into our plastic seasoning bag (make sure it's airtight), and shake away. Relax, babies don't feel pain, and your friends in olde England won't bat an eve-they might even ask for seconds.



MOST TASTELESS CARTOON



PORN FAST



Left foot, gray. Right hand, gray. Back before the days of color, Twister, the contortive party game, was so easy, two backyard floozies could play for hours without touching butt to tarp. These lovelies look about three spins away from scoring a perfect 69.

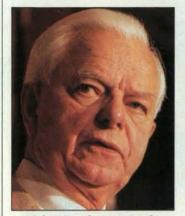
To the victor go the spoils, and \$150 goes to contributor S. Johansen. Send any action photos or spotty twists of old-fashioned debauchery to HUSTLER's "Porn From the Past," 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Include a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want the material returned.

What Kind of Politician Refuses to Read HUSTLER?

Fags, Sneaky Jackoffs and Bed Wetters Shun America's Magazine

Look closely. These politicos look so sex-deprived that their gin blossoms leak backed-up jizz. They, along with 63 other repressed Senators, Congressmen and executive-branch officials, sternly declined a free subscription to America's Magazine. Is the tiller of our great country in the hands of pink-phobic homos? Probably not:

At last count, 317 of our complimentary D.C. subscriptions are still in effect.

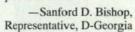


"I do not wish to receive this magazine under any circumstance."

"This is a public office, and such materials are neither appropriate nor useful."



"I cannot in good conscience have this pornographic material displayed in our office and exposed to children."





"I do not want to receive a 'complimentary' subscription to HUSTLER."

—Dick Armey, Representative, R-Texas

-Robert Byrd, Senator, D-West Virginia —Joseph P. Kennedy, Representative, D-Massachusetts*

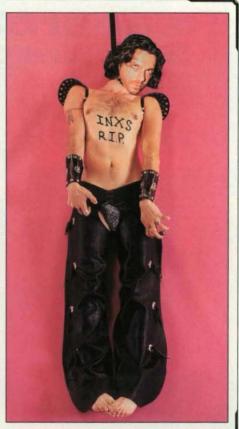
*Did not return his complimentary copy of HUSTLER.



Australian for Beer.



Australian for Negro.



Australian for Dead Fag.

AD PARODY. NOT TO BE TAKEN SERIOUSLY. MICHAEL HUTCHENCE'S SAD SUICIDE WAS NOT INTENDED TO PROMOTE BEER SALES.

A PARODY. IN LATE 1997, LARRY FLYNT ISSUED ALMOST 400 COMPLIMENTARY SUBSCRIPTIONS TO CAPITOL HILL, MOS WHICH ARE BEING ENLOYED THIS VERY MOMENT BY HUNDREDS OF ELECTED OFFICIALS OR SOMEONE ON THEIR STAFF.

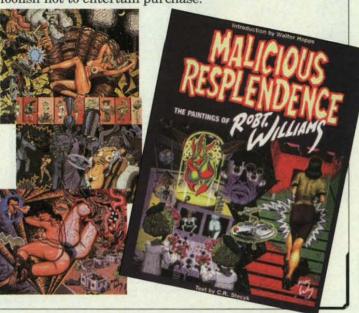
Sin and Resplendence

400 Pages of Disturbing Imagery to Hit Bookstores

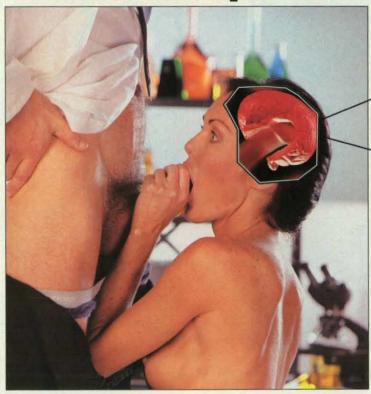
Joe Coleman and Robert Williams are routinely lauded as two of the most intense creators of graphic mayhem alive today. In past years, HUSTLER readers have sampled their iconoclastic work in the pages of America's Magazine. Both painters are provocative talents who deserve deep explorations, specifically in a pair of books that will secure their footholds in art his-

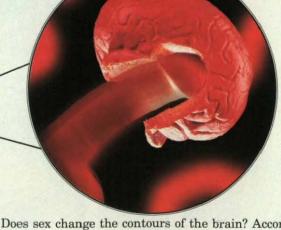
tory. Original Sin: the Visionary Art of Joe Coleman (Heck Editions) hit bookstores in November '97, and Malicious Resplendence: the Paintings of Robert Williams (Fantagraphics) arrived early this year. Any connoisseur of bold colors and profane images would be foolish not to entertain purchase.





Researchers Blown Away! Sex Warps Brain!





Does sex change the contours of the brain? According to a University of California study, male lab rats who rode the tender treadmill had spinal-cord nerve endings that were larger than those of their pussy-deprived control group. Researchers at America's Magazine, who wisely excluded rodents from their experiments, found neuro-sexual parallels aplenty during their extensive probings into the effects of deep, gratuitous blowjobs on female gray matter. Our scientists will supply more details as they come.

NOT MEANT TO BE TAKEN SERIOUSLY. HUSTLER HAS NO MEDICAL-RESEARCH DEPARTMENT, AND THE ILLUSTRATIONS ON THIS PAGE ARE NOT REAL X-RAYS. THE WOMAN AND THE PENIS, HOWEVER, ARE AUTHENTIC.



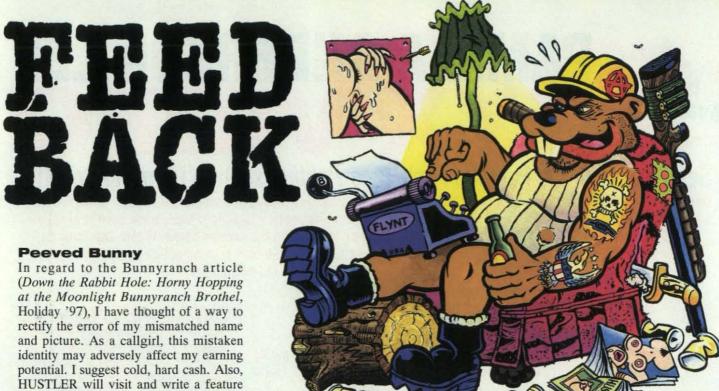
ABSOLUTE CUNT.

AD PARODY, NOT TO BE TAKEN SERIOUSLY. THERE IS NO LIQUOR CALLED ABSOLUTE CUNT, ALTHOUGH EXPERTS AGREE THAT IF YOU COULD BOTTLE THE RICH TASTE AND SMOOTH TEXTURE OF SWEDISH PUSSY, YOU MIGHT HAVE A FORTUNE ON YOUR HANDS. IN THE MEANTIME, DRINK UP AND JERK OFF LIKE A JACKRABBIT. THOSE WHO APPRECIATE QUALITY ENJOY DRUNKEN MUFF-DIVING.





AD PARODY. THERE IS NO BRAND OF JEANS OR ANY OTHER PRODUCT CALLED SILVERTARD. NO ACTUAL RETARDS WERE USED IN THE PRODUCTION OF THIS AD. RETARDS ARE FUNNY, BUT THEY LACK THE MARKET SAVVY NEEDED TO BE A VIABLE DEMOGRAPHIC FOCUS FOR SUCH A PRODUCT.



CONSUMER ALERT: When ordering merchandise through any mail-order supplier, minimize your risk of being disappointed by dealing only with mail-order merchants who accept credit-card payment and have a working phone number in their ads. Any offer that seems too good to be true is probably untrue.

about my bordello in northern Nevada. The article must appear in print before the Holiday 1998 issue. I don't think it is necessary to involve our attorneys.

Pahrump, Nevada

HUSTLER would like to set the record straight, C. C. Send us a naked picture of yourself, two forms of identification (one with photo) and the form from page 108. Include a small, detailed biography. We may offer you \$250.

Unidentified Oddballs

For the past few months, I've videotaped several objects flying through the sky. These objects move, change shape and drop fluorescent-green probes. Lately, I've received phone calls with no one on the other end. I know Larry's reputation for investigating unbelievable stories, and I thought he might be interested. -J. C.

Ogden, Utah

The STAR 69 feature on your telephone will immediately redial the crank-calling space aliens. Breathe heavy, and they will fly away, afraid of you.

High-Concept Porn Clown

As a longtime reader of your delightful publication, I would like to offer the following for a sleazy layout: lesbian clowns, complete with red-rubber noses, big shoes, rainbow garter belts, oversized gloves and fire-engine-red muffs. I suggest stuffing the dykes in a little circus car, happily licking one anothers' gashes. -N. F.

Limon, Colorado

Smear some Vaseline on your camera lens, N. F., and you could be Bob Guccione.

Deeper Digging

I have never been a regular HUSTLER reader, but I do on occasion pick up your fine magazine. I was surprised that the December and Holiday issues show limited penetration. Although there is

Karl and Shondra: Shining Example

clearly vaginal penetration, HUSTLER, the pioneer of the phenomenon, shied away from a clear demonstration of cocksucking. Consider this letter a challenge toward continued improvement. I look forward to more penetrating issues of HUSTLER in the future. -R. K. Germany

For a piercing look at deeply committed penetration, check out Toni: Classic Cock on page 64.

A Princess's Pauper

Does anyone at HUSTLER have any consideration for the dead? The joke about Princess Diana's breast implants (Bits & Pieces, January '98) is in very bad taste. You have degraded her, and I hope Dow Chemical sues you. I loved Diana because she helped so many people. Diana is gone. The world suffers a great loss. She was loved by everyone. I read your magazine because I love pussy. I hope you get over your sickness. You must have shit for brains. -J. L.

Gulfport, Mississippi

As Princess Di surely realized in her last moment on Earth, 'tis better to have shit for brains than shards of dashboard for brains.

Wants a Hairball

I have been reading HUSTLER for many

Now Available!!!

PAMELA ANDERSON LEE XXX VIDEO

See Pamela in the Famous Fuck Tape Penthouse Didn't Dare to Print!!!

You've seen her on Baywatch, you've seen her in Barb Wire—now own a tape of butt-naked Pamela Anderson Lee maniacally fucking Tommy Lee! You are NOT dreaming. The Lee's legendary foray into homemade porn is available for \$39.95, plus \$3 shipping, by calling 1-800-566-5760 or by filling in the coupon below. Watch and drool as Pamela expertly deep-throats Tommy's monster prick, takes Tommy's nine-inch drumstick into her hairless quim, extracts a white-hot helping of Crüe güe and much, much more!!!



FEEDBACK

years, and I enjoy the magazine. I wanted to thank you for the pictorial of Jungle Jill (Jill: Jungle Bush, Holiday '97). I love women with hairy clams, legs and underarms. They look so natural and free. To my delight, I located Sunny from Germany and her unshaved pits in Beaver Hunt. On top of it all, I found a video in your magazine that features hairy pussies. Hair is coming back.

—N. R. Fajardo, Puerto Rico

How Exotic Is Too Exotic?

I would like to see more women of color in your magazine, such as black girls and Latinas. I would also appreciate more interracial pictorials with well-hung black men fucking white women and maybe some attractive she-males.

—F. F.

Kansas City, Missouri

HUSTLER policy is to fuck all racial barriers. As for she-males, read the next letter and...

Watch Your Ass

I would like to comment on the article of the November '97 Sex Play about women who buzz too much ("Women Who Love Too Much: The Latest Buzz on Vibrator Addiction"). I am a she-male, and I enjoy using large vibrators and dildos. My girl-friend gets upset because I use them every day. Normal sex is fine, but I especially enjoy giving head and getting fucked in the ass. I want to know where I can buy really huge dildos, like three inches thick and 16 inches long. The bigger, the better.

—J. R.

Portsmouth, Virginia

Try looking in Bob Guccione's rectum.

Picker of Blacker Berries

Congratulations on what I think is your hottest issue to date (January '98). You started off the issue fulfilling one of my greatest fantasies; what I call reverse interracial sex, in which a white stud fucks a black beaver (Karl and Shondra: Shining Example). As a hot-blooded Caucasian male, I've had plenty of fantasies about Tyra Banks, Naomi Campbell, Jada Pinkett and other fine, black celebrity women. Your pictorial of Karl and Shondra really hit the spot. Shondra's sweaty look added to her appeal as a very fuckable African American woman. The shots of her dark ass sitting on Karl's face were excellent. The only thing you didn't show was the salt-andpepper lovers kissing and flicking their tongues. Oh, well. Still a great pictorial.

-P. H.

Brunswick, Georgia

Proud, Black, Angry

I just received your December '97 issue of HUSTLER from a friend. I was not happy about the Mandingo (Mandingo: Damned if He Do) photos. Just because the brother fucks a white chick, Mandingo's boss, her father, puts a whip around Mandingo's neck and beats him. After that, they boil him in a big pot. I'm a black man, and I don't like those damn pictures at all. I'm not buying your racist magazine anymore. Larry Flynt is a cumeating punk.

—J. J.

Mount Olive, West Virginia

Free for \$39.95

I am a subscriber. I was promised something for free. When will it arrive? What is it? This sick trick was probably Timothy McVeigh's idea.

—R. M

Lake Jackson, Texas

Subscribers to HUSTLER receive various premiums—a free calender or magazine—as well as 12 issues of America's Best delivered discreetly in an unmarked envelope. If the package is ticking, open

it away from your face and genitals.

Pissy Posse

When I think of HUSTLER, I see pink. But I would also like to see yellow. Peeing pictures are the rage! I can't believe you haven't had a follow-up to the peeing pictorial of Rose on the highway (Dave and Rose: Pit Stop, October '97). Find more honeys to drop, squat and squirt for HUSTLER, BARELY LEGAL, HOMETOWN GIRLS, CHIC and LEG WORLD. I also suggest a new publication dedicated to the golden showers of urinating ladies. Don't let us down. The people have spoken. We want more pee.

—P. M.

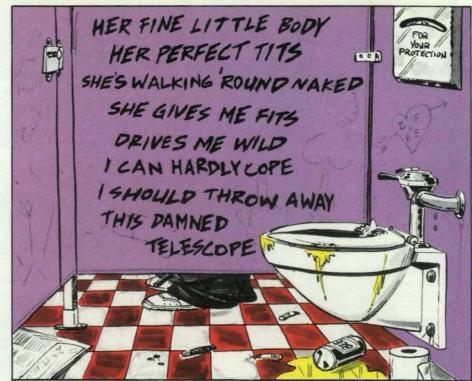
Cleveland, Ohio

June and July HUSTLER will offer piss fanatics layouts featuring ammoniascented thrills. A specialist publication catering to those who hanker for urinesquirting hotties is in the works.

Couples Corner

I believe HUSTLER has done a wonderful job of keeping its readers wellinformed on the adult-entertainment industry through a combination of history, insightful journalism, humor, political commentary, sexual advice and (continued on page 33)

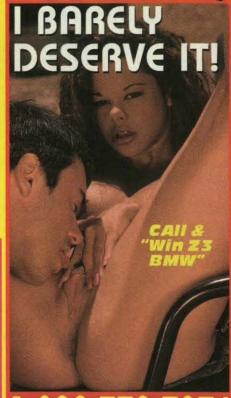
GRAFFILMY



THANKS AND \$50 GO TO JON R.







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www.sexvillage.com





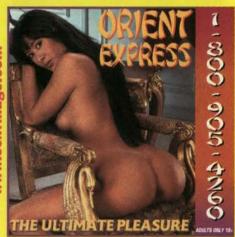
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More details

on Official rules and

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please find in www.netrevu.com

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Play the sweepstakes and you could win this BMW. Call any of the 800 numbers set forth in the ad on this page or any other ad in this magazine that says "Win a BMW." Calls will be accepted from 12/15/97 to 3/15/98, 24 hours a day. When you call you will be entered into the sweepstakes and will be given information about our various adult services (900 calls, collect call backs, credit cards ranging from \$.99 to \$4.99 per minute). Sweepstakes and services available only to U.S. residents 18 years of age or older.

Each time you use an adult service between 12/15/97 and 3/14/98, you will automatically be entered into the sweepstakes, regardless of payment method. 900 calls for such services will be \$4.99 per minute. Calls may extend from one (1) to eighteen (18) minutes depending on the length of time the user stays on line for adult services, but only a one minute call is necessary to enter the sweepstakes when you call the 900 number. You may not enter the sweepstakes via 900 number from the states of Georgia, Iowa, Kansas, Louisiana, Minnesota, New Jersey, Oregon and Vermont. You may participate by the other means of entry.

No purchase necessary to enter sweepstakes. Call the 800 numbers between 12/15/97 and 3/14/98 from your own telephone limited to one entry per person although you may call as often as you wish to hear information about our services. Or send your name, address and telephone number on a 3"x 5" card to 900 Access, P.O. Box 223135, Hollywood, FL 33022-3135. One mail-in entry per postcard. Entries must be postmarked by 3/14/98. One winner will be selected in a random drawing on or about April 1, 1998 and This BMW Z3 (VIN # 40SCH7324VLEOS065) will be awarded. (Approximate Retail Value S33,825) Odds of winning depend on number of entries received. Taxes, licensing, registration fees are the responsibility of winner.

Potential winner must execute an Affidavit of Eligibility and a Liability / Publicity Release and return within 14 days of the date of notification. Noncompliance within this time period may result in

disqualification and an alternate winner may be selected.

This sweepstakes is only open to residents of the (50) United States who are 18 years of age and older and posses a valid drivers license. All federal, state and municipal regulations apply. This sweepstakes is void where prohibited by law and sweepstakes entry via the 900 number may not be made in the states listed ablve. Employees (and their families) of the following companies are not eligible: Miriacall Productions, 900 Access, Access Telemarketing, Advanced Communication Network, 9 Unlimited, Net Hollywood, and any company involved in any way with this sweepstakes. Winner releases all above companies and its affiliates, officers, agents and any employees from any responsibility or liability in connection with any loss or accident, or death incurred in connection with the use of this prize. Winners agree to be bound by these official rules and the decisions of the judges which are final in all respects. For a copy of the rules or the name of the winner (available 4/30/98) send a self-addressed stamped envelope to 900 Access, P.O. Box 223135, Hollywood, FL 33022-3135. Indicate "Rule Sweepstakes" or "Winners List."



and too few success stories. If you really find yourself lacking in the cock department, invest in a reasonably sized dildo and incorporate it into your cunnilingus. You could also try increasing your foreplay and hope the extra stimulation has some effect on your size. Risky surgical enhancement won't add much anyway. Learn to best use the weapon you were given.

SCREAM TEAM

My wife likes to scream when we have sex. Unfortunately, she's so loud that our neighbors complain every time we do the nasty. Is there anything I can do, outside of not fucking her, to keep her -T. C. from raising such a ruckus?

Wolfpen, Ohio

Stuff a sock in her mouth. Wrap duct tape around her head. There are some wonderful objects at your local S&M parlor. Zipper hoods and ball gags would definitely be appropriate. I too find that excessive moaning and groaning can be distracting. If your wife is not into being gagged, encourage her to divert her energy into a more quiet expression of lust, like talking dirty or scratching your back.

Is there any method to make a woman lactate if she's not pregnant? Is this dangerous for her? -C. R.

Petaluma, California

I know of no method except pregnancy to trigger lactation. However, I lactated before I was ever pregnant. I was onstage at my first dance gig, and I squeezed underneath my breasts. Fluid shot out and hit a guy on the middle of his forehead. I was horrified. After the show, I ran to the doctor. He had no explanation. Squirting milk may be far more common than most people think.

GLEET GEYSER

I'm a 30-year-old woman, and I have a slight problem. Every time I have an intense orgasm, I secrete so much fluid that I ruin the sheets. The soaking issue is very embarrassing. Do you know a way to control this mood-dampening reflex? -J. M.

Salem, Oregon

There are a lot of videos for men who are captivated by the squirting-vagina phenomenon, and a lot of women, such as you, are deeply embarrassed by the gushing clams. In your situation, you may want to ask how your lover feels about your erotic emissions. If he is repulsed by your condition, keep in mind that many men find this fluidity very attractive. A few strategically placed towels and some rubber sheets could turn your dilemma into a bottomless well of bedroom recreation.

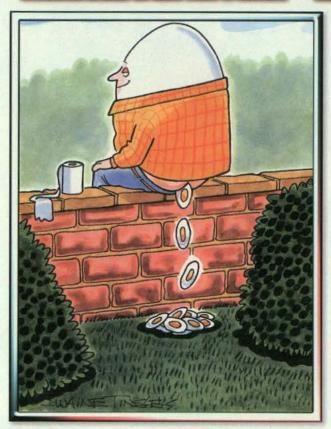
HIRSUTE HEINIE

I am cursed with an exceedingly hairy ass. My girlfriend complains it's always ripe with dingleberries. It's like having a small, dirty animal between my cheeks. Instead of walking and playing fetch with it, I vank dried pieces of shit from my bearded butthole. Sometimes I pull hairs out by the roots, and it hurts so bad, I want to cry. Should I shave my ass or just deal with a life of suffering? -L. I.

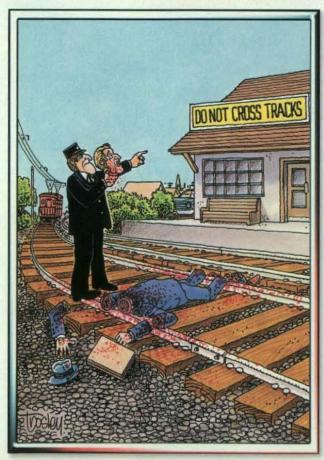
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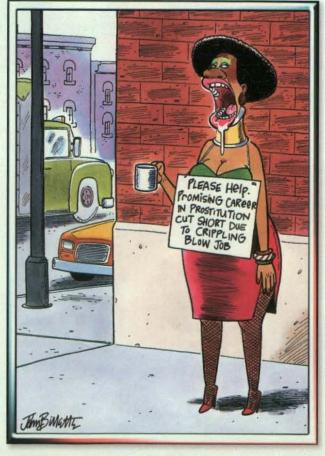
Your concern is common among men in America. In Europe, bidets eliminate (continued on page 22)

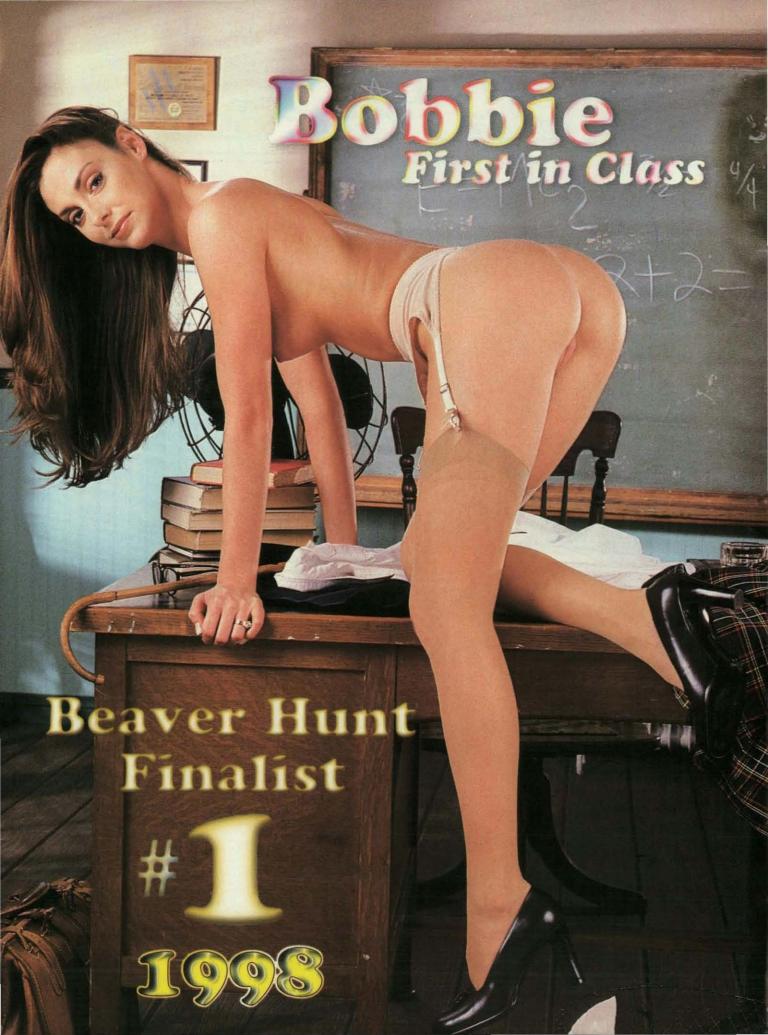
HISTLER

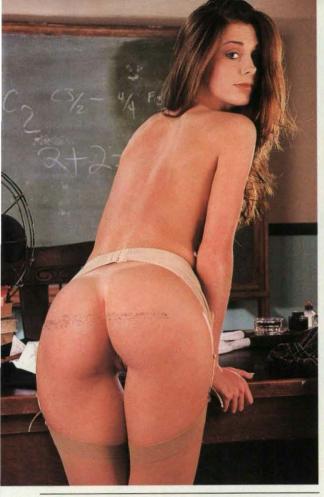












PHOTOGRAPHY BY CLIVE MCLEAN

Bobbie of Huntsville, Alabama, taught students of Beaver Hunt the sum of her sophisticated beauty and country charm in the Holiday 1997 issue. Now HUSTLER readers have a chance to put teacher to the test. Bobbie is already promoted to Beaver Hunt Finalist #1. Can she make the grade to win the Grand Prize of \$5,000 and a trip to an exotic locale to shoot a HUSTLER pictorial?

You decide if Bobbie graduates to the top of the class. Other ladies eager to enroll, please see page 108 for details.









Dear Slut Be sure your partner knows queefing doesn't make her unappealing. Never laugh at her. Feeling comfortable with her body will help her enjoy the symphony of sex.

problematic dingleberries. One suggestion would be to use baby wipes or damp toilet paper. Most women in the porn industry use baby wipes before a sex scene, and they are fairly effective. As for shaving your ass, you're asking for trouble. Even if it does work, you'll be forced to shave every day or deal with irritating stubble. You're much better off taking the time to wash and rinse your ass thoroughly during your daily shower.

OOZING FLUE

I'm a 20-year-old girl, and I recently started taking the pill. Until a few weeks ago, I had never let a man come inside of me. The problem is, I just can't stand the feeling of having his semen leak out of my pussy after sex. I want to tell him to pull out, but I know he'll be upset and think I don't love him. What should I do? -A. L

Reston, Virginia

A psychoanalyst might interpret your discomfort with your partner ejaculating inside of you as a symptom of a larger problem in your relationship. For our purposes, we'll assume you dislike the sensation of semen seeping from your vagina. After you're done fucking and have said, "I love you," go to the bathroom and douche with a mild solution of water and maybe a little vinegar.

CHERRY POPPER

I started going out with this 20-year-old girl who claimed to be a virgin. A few weeks ago, I had the privilege of relieving her of her pristine title. She was tight as hell. Penetration was a bit uncomfortable and difficult at first, but became easier after the initial thrust. However, when we'd finished, I saw no evidence of spilled juice from the cherry popping. The sheets were totally clean. Basically, she didn't bleed at all. What are the chances that she was exaggerating her claims of purity? -M. S.

Berkeley, California

In this day and age, it's not uncommon for a woman to not bleed when having sex for the first time. Between masturbation, tampons, exercising, horseback riding and all the other activities that could inadvertently break a hymen, it's a wonder that men expect women to bleed at all. Regardless, you know this girl better than I do. Whether she's being honest with you is a matter of her character, not her vagina. You might want to examine why her maidenhead was so important to you. After you've already had sex with her, the issue of her virginity would seem to be a moot point.

DYKE DILEMMA

I met this girl at work who is really cool and likes to hang out with me after hours, but I'm afraid she might be a dyke. What is a surefire way to find out if she's a rug muncher without being offensive? -A. C.

Buffalo, New York

If you're attracted to this woman, your best bet is to ask her out and kill two birds with one stone. You might be setting yourself up for rejection by courting a possible dyke, but there is a bright side. If she says no and turns out to be a lesbian, then you can assume she turned you down because she's gay, not because she finds you unattractive. Who knows? Maybe you'll get lucky and find she's a bisexual looking for a missing male to share with her girlfriend in a ménage à trois.

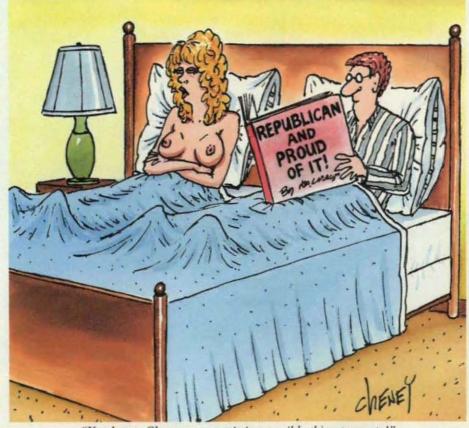
PUSSY FARTS

My girlfriend and I have a great sex life, and we enjoy all varieties of intercourse. Recently, I've taken a liking to doggy-style. She has been very accommodating. Sometimes, however, she tends to queef excessively in this position. Her pussy farts don't bother me one bit, but she's self-conscious about the pooplike sounds. Is there a way to keep the noise from happening, or is there something I can do to put her -E. M. more at ease?

Queefing is a common occurrence, especially when humping doggy-style. Some women have more of a propensity to queef than others. Aside from changing your position and stroke, there is little you can do to curtail the sloppy sounds. Be sure your partner knows queefing doesn't make her unappealing. Never laugh at her. Feeling comfortable with her body will help her enjoy the symphony of sex.

Jacksonville, Florida

Do you have a question for Jeanna? Write to Dear Slut, c/o HUSTLER, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or E-mail at slut@lfp.com.



"You know, Clarence...a penis is a terrible thing to waste!"



















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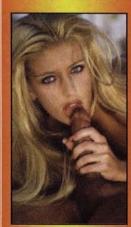
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HUGE Boobs 1-800-276-LIVE C.C. BILLING

FEEDBACK

(continued from page 13)

photography. With that in mind, I would like to make a suggestion to improve America's Magazine. Would it be possible to include pictures of couples either in Beaver Hunt or a separate section titled Loving Couples or Couples Corner? The new section would give loyal readers a chance to showcase their spouses and even inspire some lesbian action. HUSTLER has always been at the forefront breaking barriers. Include a section for couples. I promise you won't regret it!

—P. P.

Buffalo, New York

Couples with a yen for HUSTLER exposure should record their antics on a VHS videotape and fill out the HUSTLER Video Beaver Hunt coupon on page 108. Adventurous twosomes, threesomes and gang-bangs stand a chance to win \$5,000. Watch for the first installment out soon.

No Beef With Pastrami

When I read S. M.'s letter in the February 1998 Feedback ("Roast-Beef Beef") complaining about too much "roast beef" between the models' thighs, I was amused. Only a closet muncher prefers HUSTLER models with "tight and neat" pussy lips rather than fleshy labes. I was horrified when you agreed. Now, I shouldn't have to tell HUSTLER that there is nothing more beautiful than big, meaty pussy lips spread out like fresh sushi. I couldn't believe that you were afraid to point out S. M.'s obvious pastrami envy. HUSTLER's response stated that, along with big pussy lips, HUSTLER hoped all red meat would become taboo. I realized your answer was just another practical joke. Whew! You really had me worried for a minute. -B. S.

Ventura, California

Heel-to-Toe Afficionado

I wanted to write HUSTLER about Cathy in the Holiday '97 issue (Cathy: Bed Ridden). HUSTLER showed Cathy in her sexy, stocking-encased feet. Many other lesser magazines would have kept her in pumps for the entire shoot, depriving the readers of viewing her stunning feet. How about another layout of Cathy in HUSTLER's sister publication LEG WORLD? —C. C. Winchester, Virginia

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Sealed With an Ass Kiss

HUSTLER intelligently fogs the lines of decency and acceptability, testing the limits at just the right moment. I enjoy watching HUSTLER tease the law. Some tight-ass politician grits his teeth every time he sees America's Magazine waving fuck you from the corner newsstand. HUSTLER is true quality.

-M. P. Bellingham, Washington Most Washington politicians choose to skip the newsstand and grit their teeth in the privacy of their chambers, thanks to the 380 free subscriptions HUSTLER sent our nation's policymakers. Turn to Bits & Pieces, page 7, for an update.

Do you have a comment or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER Feedback, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211 or E-mail to hustler@lfp.com. Include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication.





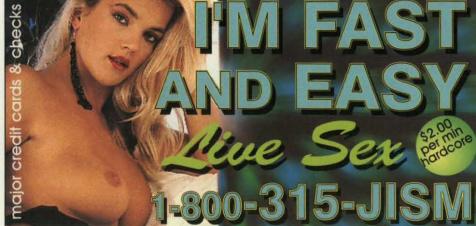














APRIL POOLS

I gave up an acting career and married Jesse because his wonderful sense of humor had me laughing all the time, even during multiple orgasms. Oh, those multiple orgasms! Great, gushing climaxes delivered with the tender, lusting care of Jesse's talented fingers. Our favorite position has always been from the side, like spoons; I hump Hubby's hand as he cock-cleaves my wet spot again and again. Sometimes I reach back and tuck his seven-inch woody into my backside for a kinky thrill. Usually, however, we serve up heaping scoops of good ol'vanilla fucking.

Sure, the sex keeps me soaking, but two years of matrimony has dried up my chuckles. I've heard all of Jesse's dick jokes at least 100 times; they're not any funnier when stale. Lately, wisecracks spend more time on Jesse's tongue than my crack. For stinker humor, I turned my back on all those starring roles at the Community Playhouse?

The other night I was administering one humdinger of a blowjob. Instead of screaming my name, Jesse yammered some nonsense about the man with the world's biggest penis.

"So this announcement comes over the speaker," groaned the fully erect comedian, spearing my tonsils as he delivered the punch line: "'Would the gentleman in the front row please stop throwing ice cream at the screen?' Goddamn, that's hilarious! When Karl told me that one at work, I nearly pissed in "Aww, Honey Bunny," Jesse simpered. "I lost control when I laughed! You don't hear me complaining about that time you cut the cheese in a 69 position." Blood rushed from my loins and turned my face a popping red. It was bad enough that Jesse dumped pecker snot down my pipe, let alone call me by that stupid nickname. But I've told him repeatedly—I blew a queef, not a fart! What kind of fucking pig does he think I am?

Any potential argument was settled by the sound of air noisily leaving one of Jesse's orifices: his mouth. Jesse snored like a homeless alcoholic on a city bus. Humiliated, I curled into a fetal position as far away as possible from my sweaty, wheezing husband—which wasn't easy in our overfilled waterbed. My belly was full of semen, my ears were filled with nasal cacophony, and that night, I swore to take revenge.

Payback occurred yesterday, on the first of April. Guess who played the April fool? Jesse, the same practical joker responsible for such timeless gags as replacing my diaphragm gel with minty toothpaste that burned for a week.

When Jesse returns from a day of hauling tobacco bales at the Westlake Farm, he expects an open beer, a hot plate and a slice of pussy. Last night,

(continued on page 45)



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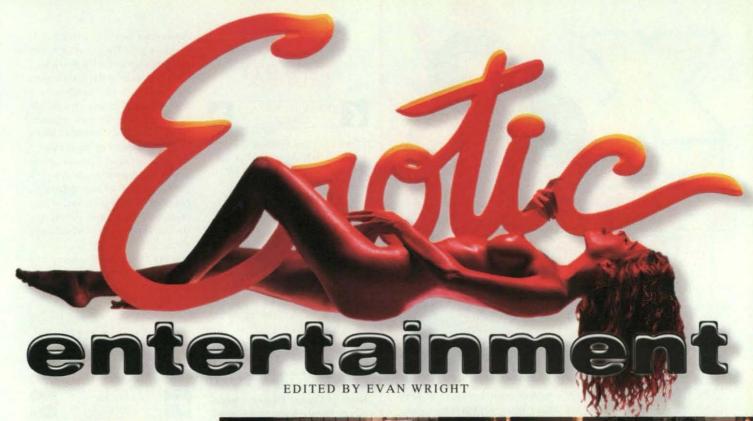
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bars ...and Chasey's a sight to behold with legs held high and Nick East burying 9" of manhood into those lovely loins. 15 searing scenes in all featuring Shelby Stevens, Misty Rain, Tiffany Minx, Debi Diamond, TI Boy, Peter North and more! 114 X-rated minutes.

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Klimaxx



FULLY ERECT



Directed by Kris Kramski; starring Angela Ambrus, Gina Savage, Jana Silver, Jofi Parker, Bridget Monroe, Lalenna Dann, Marcella Reeves, Heidi Kovacks and unnamed men. Videocassette: Sin City. Shot on Film.

With fewer than a half dozen features under his belt, Kris Kramski is quickly proving to be a XXX helmsman with a stylistic eye for sociopathic sleaze. Klimaxx begins with a close-up shot of a spread-legged Barbie doll having a cunt augered into her plastic crotch with an electric drill. A firecracker is inserted into her toy snizz and blown up. Baroque harpsichord music plays as a pair of live, candy-colored blondes suck snatches over a urinal. One drinks filthy liquid dribbling from the commode's drain; the other inserts a stick of fake dynamite into her hole. A dude with a flamethrower enters and detonates the clam bomb. A flaming plastic fuck doll smolders in the background as the surviving blonde siphons jizz out of choad with her face. Action switches to a hospital room where a brunette is tied to a bed tit-side up, with her arms and legs in plaster casts. Two orderlies enter and butt-fuck the invalid. The profusion of twisted, hard-core scenes that follows is beautifully rendered. Klimaxx establishes Kramski as a jackoff artiste. -Mack Assarian



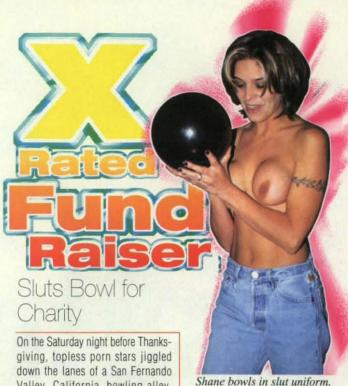
KLIMAXX: Kovacks receives gynecological therapy prior to butt boff.



KLIMAXX: Reeves greases joints for penetration.



KLIMAXX: Ambrus, a blonde with proper toilet training.



On the Saturday night before Thanksgiving, topless porn stars jiggled down the lanes of a San Fernando Valley, California, bowling alley, pitching balls at pins in the name of charity. More than 30 sluts turned out for the Protecting Adult Welfare (PAW) foundation fund-raiser. Organizers announced that cash raised by PAW would be used to promote the physical and mental wellbeing of adult performers.

Demonstrating the high degree of mental health achieved by today's adult performer, Mila spent the night perched on a counter behind the lanes, babbling filth, fucking beer bottles and inserting jelly beans and ice cubes into her rectum. Thawing the ice and melting the beans in her bowels, Mila sprayed brightly colored



asshole water on a throng of blearyeyed, intoxicated admirers.

Lending an air of Hollywood glamour to the occasion, former child actor and porn-star aspirant Scotty Schwartz wowed fellow partygoers by bowling in his briefs.

More than 150 mooks paid \$35 each to attend the raunchy gala and bowl on teams captained by video harlots. Gus, a part-time school custodian, and Mitch, a diesel mechanic. were assigned to the squad led by Alyssa Allure. The sweet-faced sex demon bolstered team spirits by stripping to her panties and regulation bowling shoes and performing cunnilingus on the finger holes of the bowling ball. Allure's team lost, but her teammates boosted the odds of scoring after the game by pouring vast quantities of liquor down her throat. When last glimpsed, Allure was propped up in the arms of Gus and Mitch as they attempted to persuade her to join them for a postgame celebration in a van in the parking lot.

A representative for PAW estimated the revenues for the night at \$6,000 and asked, "Why doesn't HUSTLER give our foundation favorable coverage?"

Why won't the PAW foundation release a detailed financial statement of how it spends the fans' hard-earned contributions?

Scotty Schwartz and the ladies of charity.

Creme de la Face #20



HREE-QUARTERS ERECT



Directed by Rodney Moore; starring Rain, Michelle, Ivy Baxter, Mia, Toni O'Brien, Heaven Leigh, Bobbi, Tiffany, Marcie Manners, Shawna Edwards, Wolf Savage and Rodney Moore. Videocassette: Odyssey Group Video.

In Creme de la Face #20. Rain, through a faceful of Rodney Moore's sticky dick chowder, voices an oft-unspoken concern among paid fuck bunnies: "I'm just thinking about my dad renting this video." Despite his daughter's disappointing premiere, Mr. Rain, if that is his real name. would be foolish to miss the King of Cream's latest masterpiece. Daddy Rain could happily milk his vein puppet to shaved Negress Mia as she submits to a geeky yet suspiciously well-endowed Rodney in a colorful and magically audible boning. Fuck pig Toni O'Brien proudly wears a boff beard, and seven other semi-cute hussies submit to crisp, inspired technicolor semen showers. Razorsharp colors, calculated editing and freakishly profuse dick dollops make Creme de la Face #20 a video even Rain's dad could appreciate.

-Steve Slauson

Tales From the Black Side 1



Directed by Blue Karma; starring Juicy, Menage, Naomi, Delicious, Imani, Dave Hardman, Devlin Weed, Byron Long, Michael J. Coxx and Ian Daniels. Videocassette: Zane Productions.

Tales From the Black Side is a multicultural excursion into poontangs of color. Imani, with huge, caramel-colored tit mountains, each one big enough to be assigned its own area code, possesses abundant riches of African

American beauty. Michael J. Coxx, a pale flicker of a white man, scales Imani's wobbling flesh summits with his tongue. then descends into her Nile-size cunt trench. Crazed with jungle fever. Coxx charges against Imani's barbecued buttocks like a mad dog, expending his manhood in an eruption of viscous pearls across her expansive posterior. A profusion of brown beavers, blackened shit pits and wide, pearly grins are lovingly slathered with spunk before Tales From the Black Side 1 ends, proving that racial harmony can result in vigorous masturbation.

-M.A.

My Horny Valentine



HALF

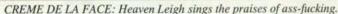


Directed by Jim Enright; starring Stacy Valentine, Jacklyn Lick, Morgan Fairlane, Laura Palmer, Maya Reign, Christi Lake, Jake Steed, Tony Tedeschi, Peter North and Nick East. Videocassette: VCA.

My Horny Valentine limps along on basic porn plot 101. The story revolves around sluts who sit around unlived-in homes waiting to blow the dude playing the delivery guy. Doll-perfect blonde Laura Palmer-with an unlivedin face, a tummy as firm as a mannequin's and white skin as shiny as new car paint-could pass as a robotic fuck machine. Globs of puss-white gleet that slime out of Palmer's joyhole during her vigorous fornication with Peter North clearly establish her as human. Stacy Valentine's silicone-inflated chest pillows appear larger than Macy's Thanksgiving Day parade balloons and a lot more fun to watch as she rides Tony Tedeschi's pole from a girl-superior position. Valentine finishes by performing a skillful rendition of the tubesteak boogie until huge, liquidy chunks of ball slop dribble down her baby-cakes face. An annoying soundtrack of supermarket music blares throughout. My Horny Valentine is a new installment of the same old crap.

-M.A.







BLACK SIDE: Boob-balling Imani.

Crossing the Line



HALF ERECT



Directed by Brian "Cheeks" Williams; starring Kytana, Claudia, Kitten, Cort Knee, Johnni Black, Philip Stevens, Jake Steed, Sledge Hammer and Stoney Curtis. Videocassette: Wet Pictures/VCA.

Aside from the luxuriously dense rug of gunpowder-black hairs sprouting on the cunt of Latina hump hellion Claudia, there is little to catch the viewer's eye in Crossing the Line. Claudia plays a motel maid/hooker ordered by Jake Steed to clean the sperm out of his ball sac. Blowing with the force of El Niño, Claudia's ripe, ruby-red, Central American kisser extracts a frothy load from Steed's meat bone. Inspired by Claudia's performance, a production assistant and a faceless goon dive into the porn whore's tonsils prick-first and hastily glue Claudia's proud smile. Four ensuing coital encounters grow progressively lamer. A lifeless finale depicts a lone cameraman's hand sawing a rubber dong into a blowsy blonde's sagging snatch folds. Crossing the Line presents an unmemorable gonzo tour of the XXX doldrums.

Rocco More Than Ever



HALF ERECT



Directed by Rocco Siffredi; starring Laura Turner, Kirstyn Churcher, Lisa Ashleegh, Lindy Turner, Kris Newz, Anne Ingretton, Sydney Street, Valentino, David Perry, Jean Eave le Castel and Rocco Siffredi, Videocassette: Evil Angel.

A gentleman knows it's impolite to sneak a stinky finger into a woman's mouth after the digit has been lodged in her anus. Poo finger and other shameful acts of misogyny in Rocco More Than Ever make the tactful palm fucker second guess the purchase of the highly touted Euro-farm fuck vid. Rocco makes some cooze woo a pig before taking a deep prodding from some angry fag's wing tip. An abrasive Euro homo named Jean Eave le Castel sticks four fingers into Kirstyn Churcher's gaping shit pipe. Raw eggs are cracked and shoved into mouths; milk is poured from a fat lady's teats in a filthy food fight; a stuffed teddy bear sports a dildo and bones cute Laura Turner. More Than Ever is a monument to callow debauchery, and Rocco's filthier-than-thou mode of operation is more nauseating than erotic.



MY HORNY VALENTINE: North porks Palmer.



CROSSING THE LINE: Claudia practices flute solo.



ROCCO MORE THAN EVER: Siffredi, drooling pervert.



Celebrity Fucks



Pamela and Tommy Lee Raunch Video on World Tour

With Tommy Lee's Mötley Crüe album sales sliding to the shit can, and his wife Pamela's box-office career also dangling precipitously over the crapper, lawyers for the company distributing their sleazy, homemade fuck video argued that the desperate celebrities "have relentlessly, even aggressively, sought to publicize their sex lives...."

A judge and an arbitrator did not disagree. As of December 2, 1997, the Pamela and Tommy Lee raunch video is available for purchase on the Internet at about \$50.

Tommy and Pamela Lee refuse to disclose details of the settlement that makes sales of their video possible.

A spokeswoman for the Lees denies profits were made from the tape in the past. In a statement made at the time of publication, the spokeswoman declares that the couple would rather "focus on the upcoming birth of their second son, Dylan Jagger."

What legacy do the proud parents offer their children?

Pamela seems to address this issue directly in the fuck video.

"I get this for the rest of my life, kids," Pamela coos before going down on Daddy's cock in the front seat of a car.

Other scenes depict the high-profile layabouts being served drinks and lolling naked on the back of a yacht. They drive through the pristine beauty of a California desert; the rich fuckers pull over and throw trash out the window. The couple drives a motorboat in circles on a desert lake ringed by cliffs. Captain Tommy yanks out his pud and presses it against the boat's instruments. In one of the video's oddest moments, Tommy hides his penis between his legs and dances around like a gueer.

When Dylan Jagger Lee is old enough, he may want to watch the close-ups of Mommy's shaved pussy as Daddy plows her from above. With silicone-pumped chest stacks and her pink, trimmed quim, Pamela could easily succeed as a \$600-per-scene porn slut, and Tommy's hard-core dick is as big as many in the pros. To buy your own copy of the Lees' homemade porno, call 1-800-566-5760, or turn to page 12 and fill out the coupon.

Scenes from the video: Pamela plays amateur slut to part-time XXX director Tommy Lee.

Butt Row Eurostyle



FULLY ERECT



Directed by Joey Silvera; starring Kelli Cage, Leila, Holly Black, Nicolette, Amanda Steele, Reka, Dru, Simona, Anna, Sean Michaels, Joey Silvera and Peter North. Videocassette: Evil Angel.

Watching Peter North hose down the pupils of a naive video virgin like Kelli Cage in the opening scene of Butt Row Eurostyle is a deeply rewarding experience. Cage's eyes feign bravery, yet reveal shameful hesitancy at the same time. Goo cascades down her kissable face like ice sheets from a melting glacier. Somehow, Butt Row's momentum engorges. Snake-dicked Sean Michaels alternately reams the shit pipes of Nicolette and Anna, and tightbodied Euro sluts Amanda Steele, Leila and Reka are fouled, but good. Little time is wasted, and each of the six nut-busting scenarios is twisted in its own special way. Butt Row Eurostyle exemplifies what can be done with beautiful women who have no concept of the word no.

Blow Dry



FULLY ERECT



Directed by Paul Thomas; starring Jen Teal, Kobe Tai, Randi Rage, Morgan Fairlane, Mark Davis, T. T. Boy, Mr. Marcus and Billy Glide.

Videocassette: Vivid Film. Shot on Film.

Blow Dry departs from the quick-cranked, sausage-mill fuck vid that dominates today's adult-video market. Not only is Blow shot on film, but director Paul Thomas lavishes the silky, copulating bodies of prime hump bunnies with detailed close-ups of oozing, juice-slick-ened clam flaps being munched and penetrated. Little time is spent on the dull dialogue that has gummed up previous efforts

by Thomas. Industrial-strength cocksucker Morgan Fairlane lipwrestles Mr. Marcus's meaty, turd-colored veiner from a variety of choad-churning angles. Suddenly, it seems as if Fairlane is swallowing a burnt fireplace log with her asshole. When the camera pulls back, it becomes clear that Fairlane is enduring a bowel packing from Mr. Marcus's upstanding member. Do couples watch XXX? Blow Dry is pretty enough to lure in the unsuspecting girlfriend, perhaps raunchy enough to make her reconsider her stupid vow to never take it up the ass.

-M.A.

The Fugitive 2



HALF



Directed by Pierre Woodman; starring Gabriella Bond, Nikky Andersson, Philippe Soine, Frank Versace, Clarisse, Nora, Kristina, Fovea, Alain Deloin, Hpg, Susanna, Lola, Jeanette, Elsa, Helen, Andrea, Gyongy, and Philippe Dean. Videocassette: Private Video.

The Fugitive 2 harkens to the cheesy, shot-on-tape look of early Duran Duran videos. The super-idiotic adventure plot is tough to follow since the actors speak French. A Gallic-accented skank narrates a ludicrous script in a sperm-gargled voice. "Tonight Nora and Kristina will make a great demonstration of their talents," the narrator informs. "They'd like some big cocks in their asses."

Nora and Kristina are indeed talented. The liquid-hipped brunettes, with sleek, hard-ball asses and matching dark, psychotically gleaming eyes, feast on each other's pink-slit tuna steak, simultaneously gobbling stiff chud shoved under their noses and into their turd rings. The bonings are good, but viewers have come to expect Private Video's offerings to include smoothly executed DPs perpetrated against lithe, long-legged, natural-boobed, European beauties. Skimping on double penetrations makes The Fugitive 2 only half as good as it might have been. -MA



BUTT ROW: Spuzz missiles set to explode on Steele.



BLOW DRY: Boy delivers meat pump to Jen Teal's sump.



Pick Up Lines Number 18



Directed By Tom Stone; starring Margo Stevens, Taren Steele, Avalon, Dee, Monique, Jessie James, Alexis, Peter North, Vince Vouyer, Alex Sanders, Steve Drake, Frank Towers, Billy Glide and J. T. Valentine. Videocassette: Odyssey Group Video.

A newcomer to the Pick Up Lines series is treated to a tenminute review of earlier installments, all of which seem to incorporate fast cars, fast women and fiendish outdoor couplings. The foreshadowing gives way to mocha-colored Dee taking a salty squirt from Peter North straight to the retina. Steve Drake cornholes a loogie-lubed Jessie James and, with the help of J. T. Valentine, pearly toothed lovely Alexis enjoys what is hopefully the first of many semen spritzes. Pick Up Lines Number 18 does not overtax the brain, but it will keep one hand extremely busy.





PICK UP LINES: Monique feasts on folds of Alexis's lick pie.



A quick checklist of features reviewed in past issues of HUSTLER and HUSTLER EROTIC VIDEO GUIDE.



FULLY ERECT

Blue Dahlia (Cal Vista Pictures) Misty Rain, Shyla Foxox, Tommy Gunn

Creme de la Face #18 (Odyssey Group Video)
Delfin, Sunny Day, Rodney Moore

L.A. Lust (VCA)

Helen Duval, Stacy Valentine, Mark Davis

Skin XI: Unbound (Eurotique Entertainment) Nikita, Raylene, Mickey G.

Surrender (Skintight/Apex) Chloe, Missy, Mickey G.



THREE-QUARTERS SERECT

The Buttmaster Goes Around the World (Xcel) Reggie, Maria, Zoki Cowboy

Coed Cocksuckers #2 (Zane Productions)

Jazz, Nellie, Teacher

Ben Dover's English Asscapades (VCA) Cheryl, Lisa, Steve Perry

Fountains of Innocence (VCA) Taren Steele, Juli Ashton, Billy Glide

Home Grown Video Volume 471 (Xplor Media)

Panda, Carrie, Josh

Private Stash (Zane Productions)

Jacklyn, Jenifer, Drop Tommy



America's 10 Most Wanted (Odyssey Group Video) Margo Stevens, Jill Kelly, Peter Romero

Anal Holiday (VCA) Nici Sterling, Roxanne Hall, Kyle Stone

Anal Virgins #4 (New Sensations) Kimi Ji, Bella Donna, Dave Hardman

College Co-ed Cuties (Sunshine Films) Emily, Teri Starr, Steve Hatcher

The Nice, the Naughty and the Bad (Vivid Film)

Chasey Lain, Jeanna Fine, Joey Silvera

Sex Files 1 (Xplor Media) Anita Dark, Anita Blonde, Tim Lake

Temporary Positions (Vivid Film) Janine, Laura Palmer, Vince Vouyer

ONE-QUART

Diva 3: Pure Pink (VCA)
Sunset Thomas, Stacy Valentine,
Paisley Hunter

In Your Dreams (XY Sex)
Dalila, Dolly Golden, Marc Barrow

Pussyman Takes Hollywood (Odyssey Group Video) Caressa Savage, Summer Knight, Nick East

Twisted Tramps (Wet Video) Kim Jade, Shay Sweet, Dave Hardman



Deep Throat: The Quest Begins (Arrow Productions) Jill Kelly, Karime, William Margold

The Gift (Femme Productions)
Shanna McCullough, Micki Lynn, Mark Davis

The Streets of New York Volume 7 (Pleasure Productions) Christi Lake, Heather Fields, Ray



BIG TIT BABES: Siffredi plunders Gibb.

Buttman's Favorite Big Tit Babes



HALF ERECT



Directed by John Stagliano; starring Tracy Gibb, Eduarda, Natalie Streb, Joy Karins, Phillip, Rocco Siffredi and John Stagliano. Videocassette: Evil Angel.

Just because a porn director is HIV-positive doesn't mean he can't produce a satisfactory heterosexual titty flick. In Buttman's Favorite Big Tit Babes, a compilation of no more than three chesty European and Brazilian encounters, "with added shots left out of the original version because of time constraints," Stagliano squeezes his paws on the best and biggest milkers, all of which are real and genuinely exploited for our benefit. His approach implies that time constraints are a bad thing. Rather than cramming a half dozen or so busties into a long film, Stagliano shows us the same three sows from more angles than necessary. Moreover, some of these heifers are downright ugly, with bad Euro teeth, suspect cheekbones and ass cheeks that sag like lead aprons. Buttman's Favorite Big Tit Babes is fun to watch, so long as there's a fast-forward



ANAL OVER 40: Old farts prep fart holes for fucking.

Anal Over 40



-S. S.

ONE-QUARTER ERECT



Directed by uncredited; starring Gina Lewis, Kristina St. James, Stormy Gale, Louise Mattos, Scarlet, Ginni Lewis, Zina Dean, Don Drilla, Dick Nasty and Rod Fontana. Videocassette: Wet Video.

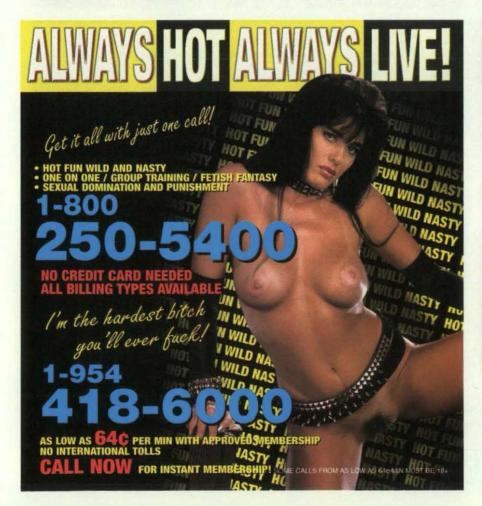
By the time a practicing female dick fiend hits her 40s, the only orifice tight enough to pleasure a meat rod is the same hole that has launched 40-plus years of shit. In no way whatsoever does this fact require video confirmation; yet the twisted producers of Anal Over 40 think adventurous fetishists might throw a bead or two to the aged and the buttfucked. Shitty call. These women are hideously large and largely hideous and have no more business in porn than iambic pentameter. Anal Over 40 is a mediocre gag gift at best and a recipe for involuntary bulimia at worst.

—S. S.

button in reach.

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(continued from page 35)

Hot Letters Poor Jesse was greeted by the sight of his wife's quivering frame bent over and taking a long, hard one from an African American male in a rainbow wig and lime-green clown suit!

Jesse came home to only one of his three demands...stuffed with an enormous, black cock! And believe me, I'm not talking about the can of Bud.

"Honey Bunny," called Jesse as he stomped inside the house. "My corns are acting up. Could you give me a foot massage?" Behind the bedroom door my vaginal walls massaged a foot-long, Nubian dong. I painfully twisted my left nipple to keep from giggling at the thought of Jesse's shocked reaction.

From the kitchen, I heard the refrigerator squeak open, followed by irate grumbling as Jesse suffered the indignity of popping open his own cold one. He bellowed for me a few more times before creeping through the door that revealed

my dirty little prank.

Jesse sputtered, "What the-Jesus H. Christ...." His beer spilled quietly upon the hardwood floor. Poor Jesse was greeted by the sight of his wife's quivering frame bent over the waterbed and taking a long, hard one from an African American male in a rainbow wig and lime-green clown suit!

Now came the time to employ my dormant acting skills. Rather than appear startled at Jesse's entrance, I pretended not to notice the presence of my wideeyed, slack-jawed husband. Instead, I wiggled my ass against Black Bozo's member like an out-of-control blender. Even if Jesse had attempted to complain, his protests would be drowned out by my ecstatic shrieks and sloshing cunt.

"Ohh, Black Bozo," I howled. "My husband may act like a clown, but his joint isn't nearly as big as yours. Stuff those 12 inches in my tight twat the way you and all your clowny friends stuff into a Volkswagen Beetle!" The ensuing, inhuman growls that erupted from my gut were in no way a performance. Penis threatened to puncture my womb; if I hadn't been so delirious and fuck drunk, I might have felt concern for my childbearing abilities. At the time, I just wanted to grind my burning girly hole until I shot my womanly load-and Jesse learned a lesson.

Dark hands cupped my ass and spread the cheeks. Black Bozo jammed a giant finger into my bung and rooted around the rectum before popping said digit into my mouth. Strangely enough, I don't remember the two of us rehearsing that gesture when we met in the afternoon; I was impressed by Black Bozo's improvisational technique. On the odd chance that I survived our brutal coupling, I'd have to float the seasoned professional an extra 25 bucks. It's so

hard to find good help these days.

Meanwhile, our audience of one had ducked behind a chair. Every once in a while, I spotted Jesse peeking with an expression of shock and hopelessness. Somehow, that only raised the temperature of my jungle fever. The idea of picking up a clown at the black circus was perverse enough; banging him in front of my husband topped the list of perverse shit I've instigated. And this is coming from a woman who-well, never mind. I don't want the FBI to trace this letter.

Black Bozo declared, "You got to take more dick, bitch. I'm barely inside this pussy, and I plans to be ball-deep." With those eloquent words, the funny-faced fucker lifted my right leg from the bed and twisted me into a sweaty, nude, human pretzel. My every limb was contorted; Black Bozo yanked me so roughly by the hair, my nose was practically buried in my anus. I fucked a black guy in college who treated me the same way.

Although I could barely believe it possible, more manhood did indeed slip within my dew-dripping flower. I screamed for mercy, then guided Black Bozo's hand to my clit-just to make sure he didn't take the mercy request too seriously. Only a moment of frigging passed before the spark of orgasm ignited my loins.

"Coming, coming," I babbled. "Can't stop coming!" A climax train roared down the pink track between my thighs; Black Bozo drove home his spike like a cum-spurting John Henry. He spasmed, panted and pumped my poon so full of jizz, the white mess dribbled down my leg.

A terrifying yell echoed from the corner. In one motion, Jesse burst from his hiding place and brought the chair down upon Black Bozo's head. Triumphant, he stood above the clown's

unconscious form.

"Jesse," I sighed. "You didn't have to overreact that way!"

Pure hatred burning in his eyes, my cuckolded husband gasped, "How the fuck can you say that?" He grabbed a splintered leg from the chair and waved it menacingly. In response, I dragged a finger across Black Bozo's face...and displayed the shoe-polish residue.

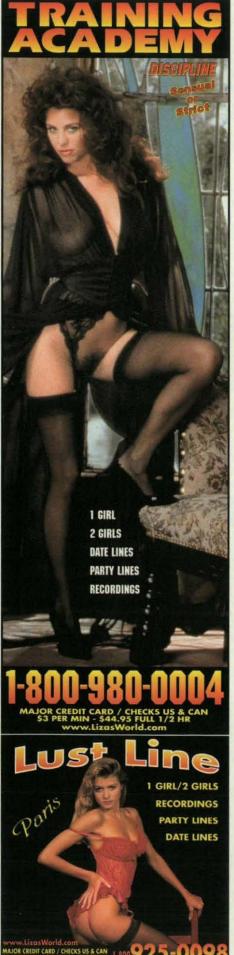
"It's your friend Karl under the makeup," I laughed. "I didn't actually fuck a Negro!" The realization dawned across Jesse's face. He chuckled. So did Karl, once he regained consciousness. Then the two of them porked my snizz at the same time. -T. Y.

Paducah, Kentucky



"This is not a safe neighborhood to be in at night, my cold, silent, one-eyed friend!"











Hot Letters "You know, I've got a little engine that could use a blowjob. Why don't you chew-chew on this ten-inch love muscle?" Tera froze. Her face betrayed a moment of silent mortification.

BOOK WORM

It's a secret guys keep close to their hearts: Act as fucked-up as possible, and chicks fall all over themselves to bop your baloney. Some call it the Florence Nightingale Syndrome. Others chalk it up to a deeply ingrained self-hatred within womankind. I simply accept that being a total mess is what I do best. That's why I got a tattoo on my right arm that reads TOTAL FUCKIN' LOSER. When a bar slut sees those three magic words, I can practically hear her glands crank into secretion.

Of course, most bimbos are so dumb, I have to read my tat out loud—which gave me the inspiration for the pussy scam of the century. I posed as an illiterate man and called a local charity organization, Help Others Read (HOR). The skank on the phone was quite friendly and helpful; she even agreed to my request for a blond, big-breasted tutor. Hell, this was better than any out-call service. And free!

My HOR representative's name was Tera. She arrived on a Monday evening, carrying several bags of children's books.

"I think I can," recited Tera, guiding her pointer over the gaily colored pictures of a fairy-tale kingdom. The pointer beneath my boxers begged for a little manual guidance; Tera's long, flowing locks and sweet perfume had me swooning like a damp-pantied schoolgirl. From my oh-so-privileged vantage point, I took a quick peek down Tera's open blouse. Momma mia, what a pair of milk cannons! If I didn't bust a move soon, I was bound to bust a nut in my pants.

"You know," I said slowly, struggling to maintain my semi-retarded persona, "I've got a little engine that could use a blowjob. Why don't you chew-chew on this ten-inch love muscle?" Tera froze. Her face betrayed a moment of silent mortification.

She asked, "Did you say ten inches?" before falling to her knees and unzipping my fly

Talk about charity. Tera performed the most loving, proficient hummer I've ever had the honor to enjoy. Obviously, her giving personality extended to a passion for giving head. Deep sucks and pisshole kisses came as a welcome relief; the last skank I brought home was a sick bitch with self-proclaimed "blowjob issues." Thank goodness Tera was a normal, well-adjusted slut with a

taste for throbbing johnson!

"Mmm-mum," Tera sang, her mouth full of my testicles. Now that my reproductive organs were thoroughly soaked, I dropped to the floor and returned the favor. Tera's smart business skirt tore off easily, revealing a sexy lack of lacy underthings. Can you believe the lady teaches inner-city youth to read—without wearing any panties? Too bad my grade-school teachers never provided such incentive.

The scrunt served up before me was trimmed into a neat landing strip of dark pubes. All right, so Tera dyed her hair; who cares if the rug doesn't match the drapes? My lips were plastered to those perfectly pink labes like a blowfish sucking for oxygen. I poked a finger or two inside the depths of Tera's twat, and she wriggled from her head to her sexy, painted toes. Maybe I'd coat those tootsies with my own special glaze after our next lesson. After all, the first time I'm with a new girl, I always come in her face.

"Teach me," I begged in my dopey voice. "Teach me how to rumpy-pumpy." You should have seen Tera's expression of sympathy and concern as she gazed upon my glistening, gleety visage. She popped her top, unleashing

those unspeakable melons; one of the gross sacks actually hit me in the head! An erect nipple was quickly shoved into my eager mouth.

"There, there, baby," cooed Tera, patting my head as she slipped her fiery fur burger over my big 'un. I almost cried out loud when I felt how hot her slit had become. The sensation was not unlike dipping dick in boiling oil—but it was the best kind of oil on Earth. Smelly, sticky pussy oil, which I struck like Jed fucking Clampett.

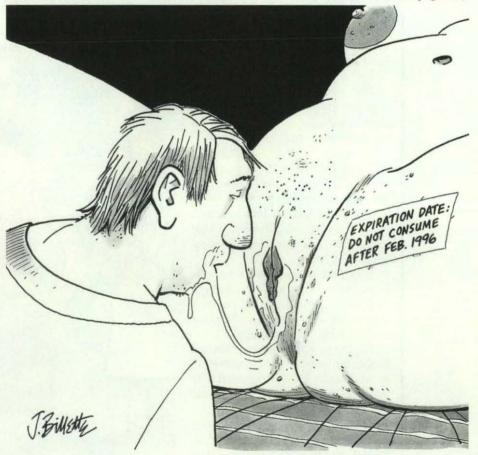
We bounced together upon the floor. Tera rode my lap better than any broncobusting cowboy. After a while, I realized I couldn't keep up with the horny tart. Globs of sperm began their initial round of fire from my cannon; I withdrew from Tera's love canal and aimed at her face. She was a little humiliated, but I simply acted as if I didn't know any better.

I wonder if the Association for Retarded Citizens has any foxy counselors?

—F. T. Tazewell, Virginia

LUBE TUBE

HUSTLER readers, beware! Never beat off using an abrasive lubricant. I've tried (continued on page 149)





Restrictive attitudes in the name of so-called morality increasingly take the fun out of fucking. Through good, old-fashioned homespun knowledge, hearsay, scientific facts and outright lies, this series strives to spread the word that rubbing uglies is a beautiful experience.

Natural-Born Hermaphrodites

WHY THE MEDICAL COMMUNITY IS TELLING INTERSEXUALS TO GO FUCK THEMSELVES

BY STEVE SLAUSON * ILLUSTRATION BY DAN CLOWES

Hal's been around. He's had partners of all races, sampling stunning beauty and abrasive ugliness. For some reason the person in front of him is threatening his sanity.

"I'm different from all the others," the wispy voice warns from across the bed. "I have...." The voice trails off.

What on Earth could it be? thinks Hal, reaching for her upturned, cupcake breasts.

She leans over to kiss him. Hal forgets the mysterious seductress's cryptic warning and slides his hand down to the fringe of her pubic mound. She pulls away.

"You promise you won't freak out?" she asks.

"I promise."

She spreads her legs, and in the soft light, the vision hits him. Nestled in the light-brown bed of pubic hair rests a perfect morphing of a penis and a vagina. The clitoris is huge and swollen; in its folds are the definite contours of the head of a penis.

Hal's fight or flight instinct gives way to exotic notions. She's wet, hard and painfully irresistible; he makes up his mind.

Hal goes down on her, thanking God for his fortune while cursing the Creator for not giving him an extra mouth.

There are two kinds of people in this world: One type has a penis; the other has a vagina. Or so we would like to think. A closer look reveals a third strand of unconfirmed sexual identity that has doctors and medical ethicists at odds.

When the lumps of flesh that rest between the pudgy legs of a newborn look like a penis sneaking out of a vagina, or an exotic combination thereof, what is the next step?

For the past 50 years, the standard medical solution to gender ambiguity in this country has been enacted with a scalpel. A little tinkering, and the medical community is satisfied.

"It's a bad system," says Alice Dreger, a bioethicist from Michigan State University. "Rather than deal with the problem truthfully, there's this quick cut and snip that leaves the child traumatized."

A person born with this double identity has long been known as a hermaphrodite—an appellation eponymous with the Greek god Hermaphroditus, who possessed both male and female sex organs.

The more accurate label for what we like to think of as hermaphrodites is *intersexual*, a term that describes the approximately one in 2,000 infants born with some sort of external gender ambiguity.

Abnormal chromosomes are responsible for true hermaphrodites, leaving the subject with both ovarian and testicular tissue. More common gender dispositions include female and male pseudohermaphrodites—females whose genitals become masculinized through prenatal exposure to testosterone, and males whose tissues don't respond to or do not produce the hormone androgen.

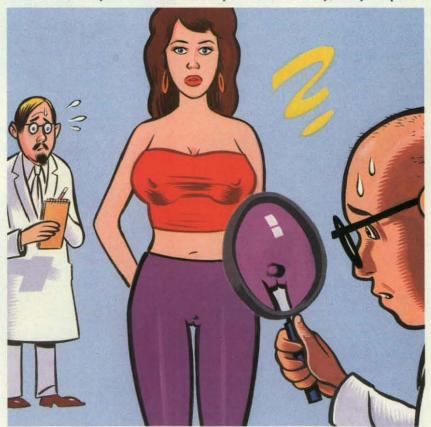
At birth, many intersexuals have

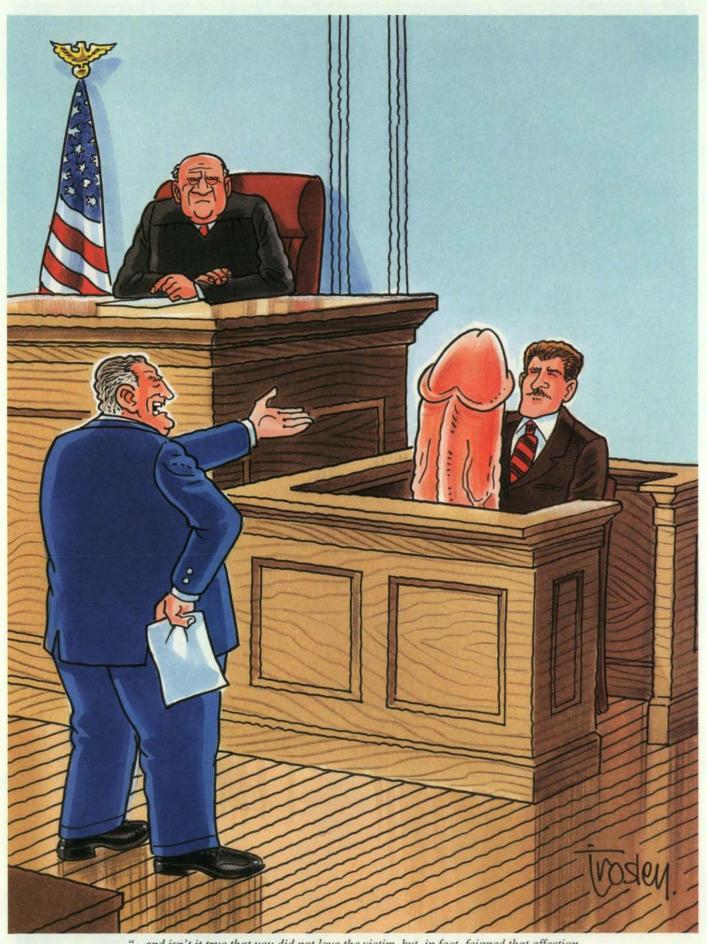
genitalia that are a blatant composite of male and female sex organs; a partially developed head of a penis instead of a clitoris, or a scrotal sac that appears to be divided in the middle like outer labia. Other traits of intersexuality include micropenis and enlargement of the clitoris.

According to Alice Dreger, if the clitoris is larger than one centimeter, it is deemed too large and removed; the remaining void is then cosmetically formed into a vagina. Many women who have had the surgery complain that the procedure sacrifices sensation for presentation.

While the makeshift vagina appears normal initially, by the time the infant grows into a woman, the surgical result blurs into a crude parody of genitalia, complete with scars and rife with imperfections.

In the rare event that an intersexual baby is deemed more likely to gravitate toward a masculine identity, surgeons attempt to construct a passable penis. Unfortunately, many recipients





"...and isn't it true that you did not love the victim, but, in fact, feigned that affection for the sole purpose of obtaining access to her unusually large mouth?!"

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Sex Play "Leaving intersexuals alone is the best thing. I've had a great sex life, great sexual relations, and I'm really, really happy nobody messed with me."

of this surgery have undergone up to 16 operations only to achieve a crude, semi-functioning appendage.

A swelling phalanx of disgruntled and hyperpolitical intersexuals protests that this knee-jerk surgical response to gender ambiguity is not only barbaric, but executed behind a shroud of secrecy that beckons to medieval condemnations.

Cheryl Chase, founder of the San Francisco-based Intersex Society of North America (ISNA), is often referred to as the Joan of Arc of the intersexual cause. She is a qualified opponent of transgender cosmetic surgery at birth.

Cheryl was 22 years old when she learned that she had been "mutilated" as an infant in a surgical attempt to allow her to pass as a woman. As a result of having her clitoris removed and vaginal tract extended long enough to one day accommodate a fully erect penis, Cheryl was left without clitoral sensation or orgasmic response. She also claims the friction of intercourse is too painful to endure. Her sex life is virtually nonexistent.

"We think [intersexuals] need support rather than surgery," says Chase, whose nonprofit ISNA has more than 200 members, the majority of which underwent transgender cosmetic surgery as infants. "If you don't like the way your child's penis or clitoris looks, you should get used to it."

The modicum of intersexuals in this country who have escaped correction have enjoyed great sex lives despite their strange genitalia. An example is 34-year-old Tamera Iverson (not her real name).

Tamera's dodge of the scalpel wasn't by design. A life-threatening lung disorder took priority over the cosmetic surgery that accompanies the birth of an ambiguous child. After licking the disease that doctors said would take her life before her fifth birthday, Tamera opted to skip the cosmetic surgery that has plagued the sex lives of her intersexual brothers/sisters.

"I've done everything I can think of," says Tamera in an attempt to explain the type of sexual intercourse she has experienced. "It's the best of both worlds." Although Tamera's "penis" is small, it does get hard and has penetrated both men and women.

Tamera was 15 the first time she had sex. She presented herself as a woman and warned her bisexual male partner of her condition before showing him her unique genitalia. He was delighted, and the two proceeded to pleasure each other in seemingly unlimited sexual combinations, employing both of Tamera's organs.

"At first I was really worried that after I came out, people would start coming after me because I was intersexed," remembers Tamera. "But I don't get any more attention than I used to."

Since hooking up with ISNA, Tamera has become grateful for her unusual package: "I'm meeting people who were deprived of something I've always taken for granted.

"Leaving intersexuals alone is the best thing," adds Tamera, who changed her legal gender to male, married a woman and is the legal father of a one-year-old boy. "I've had a great sex life, great sexual relations, and I'm really, really happy nobody messed with me."

Contrary to Tamera's smooth assimilation into intersexuality, historically, intersexuals have failed to find a niche in American culture. Many countries, however, have allocated social roles for the ambiguously arranged.

In China, as many as 100,000 sexually anomalous eunuchs were under the employ of the imperial harem as menial servants; in India, a 2,400-year-old order called *Hijras* adopts and

raises intersexual children.

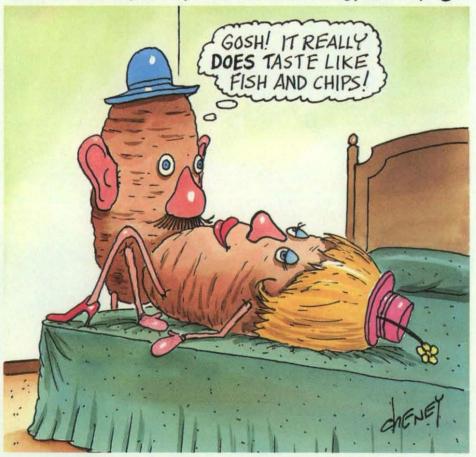
America's treatment of intersexuals is more sideshow than medical, but experts believe that even though this country lacks a serious social context for its hermaphrodites, transgender surgery is not a reasonable solution.

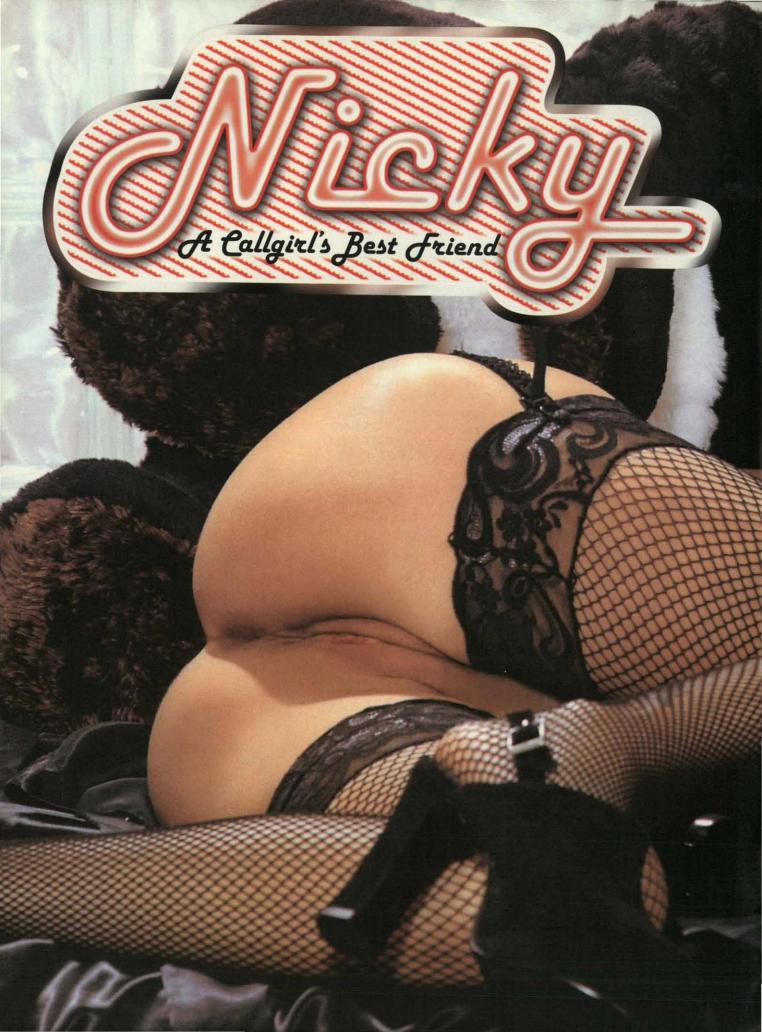
"Enforcing the identity [of intersexuals] as either male or female is generally a mistaken concept," argues clinical psychologist Howard Devore, a Bay Area specialist on intersexuality who investigated pediatric cosmetic surgery at Johns Hopkins Medical Center earlier this decade. "People who are born with ambiguous genitalia need to have the option of being something other than just male or female."

Psychological consequences aside, urologists who perform this surgery are commonly accused of misconduct, failing to follow up on patients to receive informed consent before operation.

Dr. Kenneth Glassberg, former head of the American Academy of Pediatrics section on urology, did not return repeated phone calls to his office, but has publically admitted that urologists are not infallible.

"We make some mistakes," concedes Glassberg. "But surgery is not a disservice to the majority of intersex children. The disservice is scaring patients away."











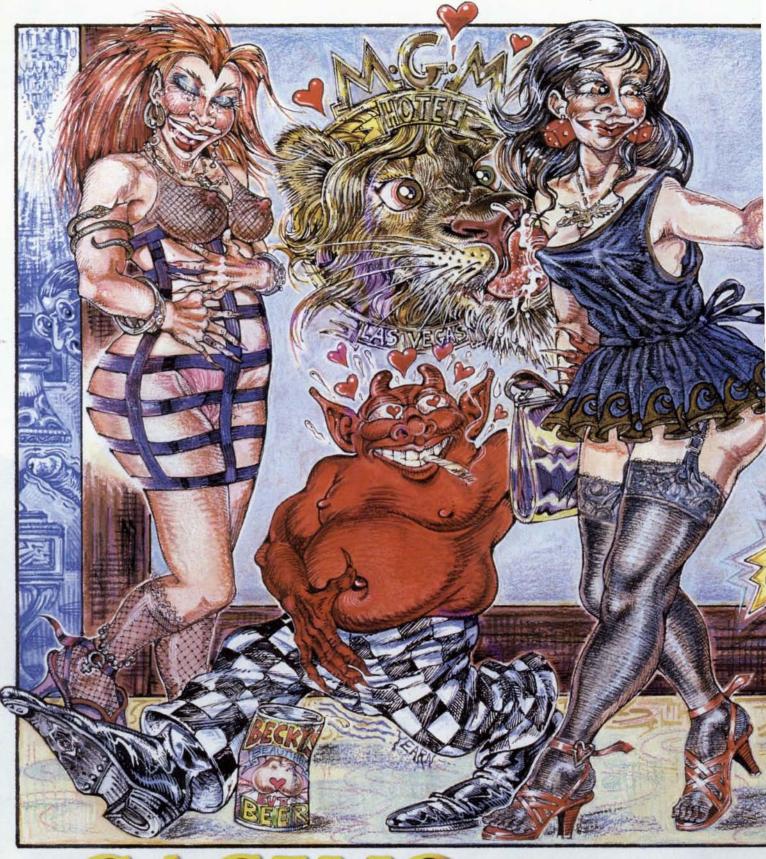






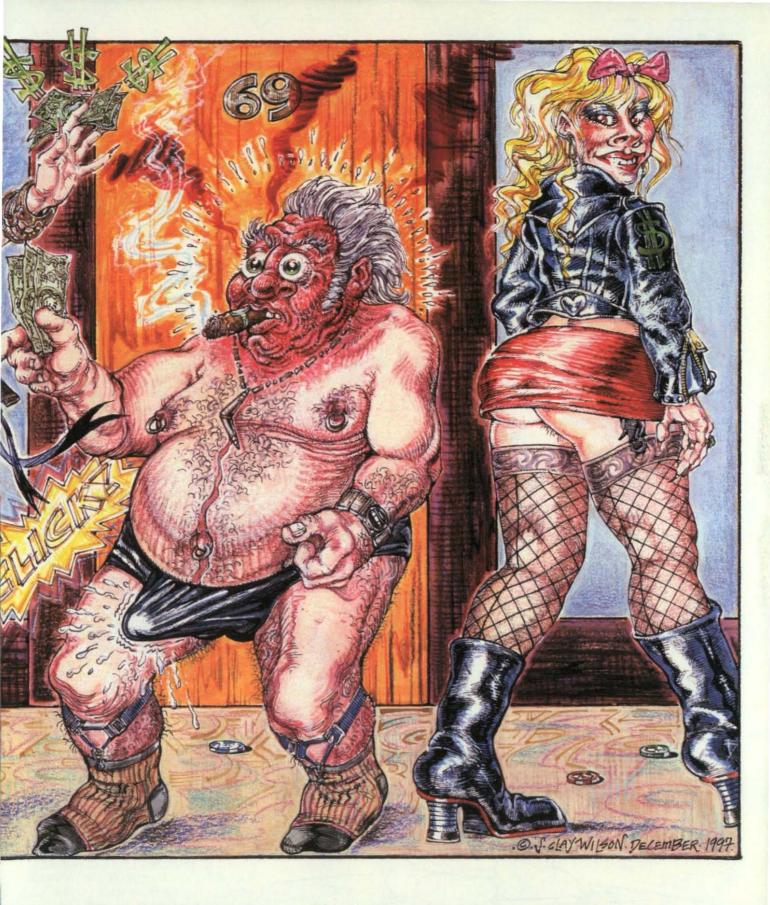






CASINO HUSTLE

UNCENSORED



DIARIES OF A LAS VEGAS HOOKER

REAL-LIFE JOURNAL BY DESMONDA * ILLUSTRATION BY S. CLAY WILSON

Dazzled by high-roller glamour, and hungry for cash, a Nevada stripper dives into high-end prostitution on the Las Vegas Strip. The excitement, fear and fucking is all true: This action is culled from chip-whore Desmonda's real-life diaries.

Vegas We have great sex. I squirt the whipped cream on the length of Jeff's stiff cock, then teasingly lick it off, running my tongue along his shaft and then taking his whole dick into my mouth.

MAY 2, 1997 LAS VEGAS, NEVADA

I come home at 5 a.m. with \$250 from a full night of hustling lap dances and run into Vanessa, a beautiful, light-skinned black chick I danced with at a club in Seattle several years ago. We're both staying in the same weekly fleabag hotel off the Strip. Vanessa steps out of a cab as I park my car. She recognizes me, and we start chatting.

"Are you working in town?" I ask.

Vanessa nods her head.

"Which club?"

She hesitates.

"You're working the casinos," I guess; she confirms it with a laugh.

I'm intrigued. After living in Vegas for a year, watching girls get paid, I am curious about working the casinos; I've even experimented a couple of times—put on a sexy dress and walked through the casinos, seeing what kind of response I would get. It's a scary trick to do without knowing the ropes. Vanessa tells me she'll give me some advice—'ho lessons.

Hooking is a line I said I would never cross, but I'm only in Vegas for a few weeks to make as much money as possible. When I lived here, I didn't focus and work as hard as I should have. Now I live in Seattle, out of the business, and I miss the easy access to cash I always had

as a dancer. I owe creditors, and I'm behind on all of my bills. I'm in Las Vegas to make some quick cash, and dancing at a club is unpredictable. And it is draining. Working the casinos could be the answer; it could be a new adventure.

MAY 3

This afternoon Vanessa and I spend three hours at the pool talking shop. She answers my millions of questions, speaking from her ten years of experience.

Later, I put on a fairly conservative outfit—white-cotton dress pants over my pillowy ass and a sexy white blouse showing off my round, real tits—and it's off to the Sports Bar at Caesars Palace. It's late afternoon, and there's a sizeable crowd milling about. I sit down and order a bottled water, keeping my eyes on the floor.

The first guy who approaches me is dark-haired, mid-30s, handsome and charming. He seems to have an idea of what he wants and asks if I'll still be around in a half hour. We'll see.

Soon, there's a pack of guys smiling about me, acting juvenile, poking each other and whispering. I walk to the bathroom. One of them follows me. He gives me a big smile and says, "Wanna party?" I tell him to meet me back at the bar.

We speak for a few minutes, and he

tells me his name is Jeff. He claims to own a mortuary in Billings, Montana. I kinda like him.

Jeff and I stroll down to Spago in the Caesars Forum and have a nice meal. We talk about everything but sex—he recounts having recently fought cancer and how the experience has given him a new appreciation for life. I know we're going to fuck.

"I don't want this to end," Jeff says as we finish eating.

I sit back in my chair. "What do you want, Jeff?" The game's on.

"I want everything, the whole nine yards," he says enthusiastically. "I want to wake up next to you in the morning."

"That's not possible, but we could spend the evening together," I offer.

"Yes," he says.

"You seem like my kind of guy, Jeff. You're sexy, smart and funny—but are you generous?" I grin wickedly.

"How generous would I have to be?"
Jeff rolls with it.

"I've got some bills that have to be paid. I've got a \$400 car payment, a \$400 Mastercard payment and a \$200 phone bill." I feel like a natural.

"\$1,000. I don't suppose you'd take a check?" Jeff asks.

"No, but you can cash one at the casino."

I take Jeff to Victoria's Secret, and he picks out a royal-blue, silk negligee. He has to hold it in front of his crotch while we wait for the cashier, because he's got a boner.

Jeff is staying at the Desert Inn; so we catch a cab from Caesars and go up to his room. I call room service and order bottled water and a can of whipped cream. Jeff takes out some pot, and we smoke a bit.

While Jeff goes to cash a check, I slip the negligee over my hips. It's short, and my silky gymnast's thighs and shaved flue peek out when I bend to leave my discarded clothing near the door, just in case.

We have great sex. I squirt the whipped cream on the length of Jeff's stiff cock, then teasingly lick it off, running my tongue along his shaft and then taking his whole dick into my mouth.

Jeff loves my huge tits. He buries his face in them, licking my nipples over and over, covering them with the sweet, sticky whipped cream. I'm really into it.

He puts on a condom I've provided and turns me over. The fucking is hard and primal. Jeff comes quickly, and we take a break, lying on the bed, toking off the joint. It's not hardship duty.

(continued on page 70)





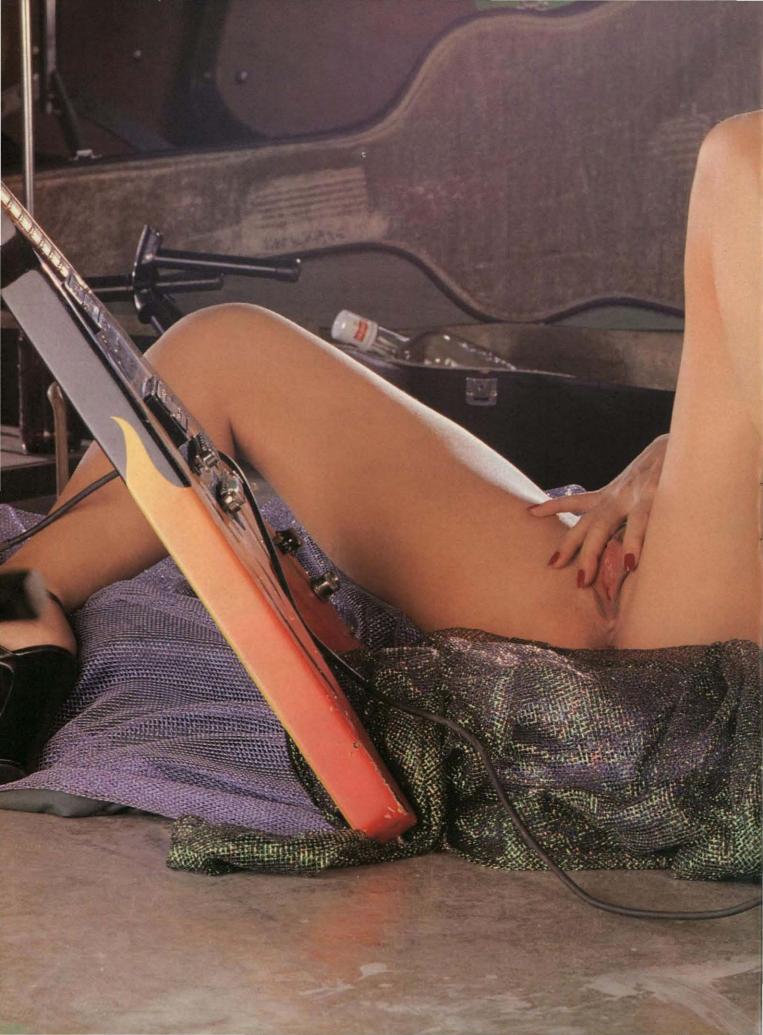
"There, there—you can't let a silly little thing like my ex-husband's picture threaten you!"

CLASSIC COCK "The only thing I hate more than Van Halen without David Lee Roth," fumes Toni, FM goddess, "are feminist folkies who whine about how men oppress them." Toni lights a cigarette. "Those hippie bitches should spend one night on the road with me. After a gig, I suck more fine, young dick than those hairy cunts could shake a fucking incense stick at. My sweet-hung Romeos are more than willing to carry amps or suck the girlie goo out of my spandex. Rock 'n' roll is about getting laid, and I'm a female chauvinist pig."











(continued from page 62)

Vegas I've learned to only promise a striptease. "Can you afford \$200 for just a dance?" I ask. I'm trolling for high end, \$500 per hour. I want to make sure the customers have and can spend that kind of dough.

I take a quick shower and dress. Jeff's lying back against the headboard when I leave the room; he appears contemplative and worn out. Me, I'm charged up and ready to roll. I can't wait to tell Vanessa!

Back at my hotel, I call Vanessa's room. She's blown away. "Oh, my God," she squeals, "do you learn fast!"

"Beginner's luck," is her response when I tell her how things unfolded. "You did really well, but there is more to learn." We agreed that our 'ho lessons will continue tomorrow.

MAY 12

Here's how to be a hootchie 'ho:

Dress up. You have to look classy to work the casinos, or they'll throw you out. If you do get 86ed, security will take a Polaroid for their files, and if you enter the casino again, you'll be arrested for trespassing. If you don't take customers off a table or slot machine though, management will let you be.

Vanessa advises to share the wealth. Tip the bartenders \$2 a drink, the elevator security guard \$10 to \$20 each trip up and down.

Most working girls sit at the bar playing poker machines, buying rolls of quarters, waiting for a potential trick to approach. Vanessa and I are at the park with her kids when she is telling me all of this. The urchins are playing in the fountains while we sit on a picnic table, smoking a joint, having 'ho lessons. I've been picking her brain for three days straight. At night, I go out into the casinos and practice. This would make a great course—Street Smarts for Hookers 101:

- Keep \$200 get-out-of-jail money with you at all times. If you do get busted, post bail when you are booked and wait for the paperwork to process. It will take time; you will spend the night in jail. You have to be a chronic—half a dozen arrests—before they send you to jail for 30 days, but the bust will go on your record.
- To avoid getting busted, the client should have a room in the casino you are working. He should have an out-of-state driver's license and a return plane ticket. Do not discuss sex and money until you are in the room and have thoroughly checked things out. A good ploy is to make him get naked. My second trick didn't have a room or plane ticket—some story about getting locked out of his hotel and missing his plane; so I had him strip nude.

He rented a room at the Luxor, and I checked to see if he was okay. He seemed all right, but once he got naked, we could talk freely.

I've learned to only promise a striptease. "Can you afford \$200 for just a dance?" I ask. I'm trolling for high end, \$500 per hour. I want to make sure the customers have and can spend that kind of dough. Once I get the dance money, it's not hard to get the rest. If I don't want to do anything besides dance, I just dress and leave; I did that last night with a fat, drunk Australian guy.

I'm sitting at the Monkey Bar in the MGM, wearing my black, Grecian-goddess dress, looking fine, drawing a lot of action. I see this guy peering through the crowd, smiling at me, letting me know he's interested. The mark is maybe 5-10 and portly; I can tell he's drunk. I think he's disgusting, but I remember Fancy, one of the pimps who hangs out at the strip club, telling me not to overlook fat guys: Fatsos know they have to pay for pussy.

So I call the schlub over and suggest we go to another bar. I've gotten enough attention at this place already.

Charlie is nice. I easily sell him on a show, but he wants me to commit to more. I tell him I can't discuss anything else in the bar; so we retire upstairs to his room.

The lardy gives me the \$200 and immediately strips down to black bikini bottoms. It's a ghastly sight. I'm still trying to roll with it, checking out his return plane ticket and Australian passport, but when I inform him it will be another \$300 for everything, he tells me he's seen better for less. That's it for Charlie.

I'm naked by this time, dancing to music provided by the clock radio, but I make sure my dress and purse are right next to the door. I dance and smile, giving him his 20 minutes as promised. When the time's up, I put on my dress and walk out the door. See ya!

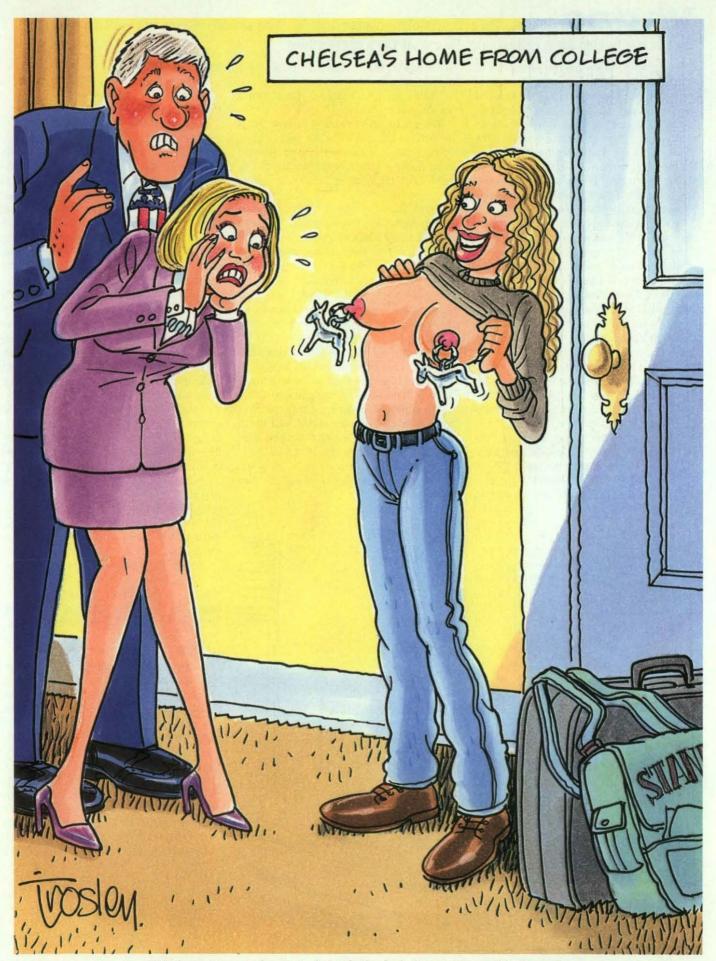
The Australian prince can't believe it. "Where are you going?" he whines. Charlie chases me into the hallway waving 300 bucks. We both hear the click of the hotel-room door, and there he is, standing in the hallway in those black bikini bottoms. I laugh all the way home.

MAY 20

This afternoon I put on a new dress, a short, scoop-necked, breezy, beige thing with an animal pattern. It's off to Caesars Palace. I park in the garage and sashay



"But I was thinking about you, Margie-honest!"



"Yeah, I got my nipples pierced...but look—little Democratic donkey charms!"

Vegas Pimps. The peacocks of the human race. Strutting around, looking fine—all the money, all the women, fucking daily, getting paid. They want 100% of everything.

through the entire casino, keeping it light, half-smiling to myself, watching everything. A 'ho has eyes in the back of her head. I can see some good action taking place: 5,000 engineers—love those white-bread boys. Vanessa says that the ideal tricks are white businessmen aged 35 to 60, in town for a convention or to gamble with their buddies. They're looking for a walk on the wild side, already programmed for some Vegas action.

I meet a nice bartender, a 30ish black guy named Norris; he knows exactly what I'm up to. As I sit posed at the bar, a very attractive woman walks by and gives me a knowing smile—I've discovered a camaraderie, a silent knowing that exists in this

underworld I am dabbling in.

After half an hour, Norris and I both think I'd have better luck at the Barge; so I saunter over and meet John—11 years day bartender at Caesars. I have a couple of guys stop by, and the best one stays. His name is Brian: 55, white hair, successful and pleased with himself. He lets me know he's ready to rumble.

"I won a bunch of money this morning I need to spend," he coos. Good sign. He asks if I want to play the slots.

"I'm doing private shows," I reply. "Would you like a private dance in your room?"

"What's the price on that?" he inquires.

"\$200 for just a dance. That's all I can discuss right now."

We go to his room at Caesars. He's the perfect trick: knows the game, goes along willingly, doesn't dick around about money. Brian hands me the \$200, and I strip. He's sitting in a chair, relaxing, enjoying.

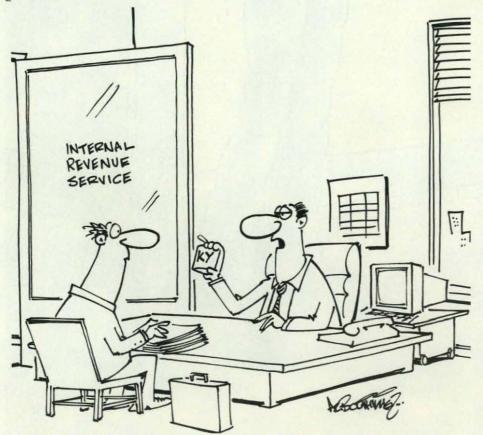
Brian leans in to touch my breasts. <u>Uh-uh</u>, little boy, more dough. He forks over the other \$300, no problem.

"\$300 is for everything, right?" he wonders. Yup, you got it. I start massaging Brian's cock. We already have a good rapport, and I find I want to please him. The poor bastard seems so happy to be watching me with his dick in my mouth.

Brian and I fuck, and he's a considerate lover, careful not to put his weight on me. He watches my face while he pounds his dick in and out; so I give him a show.

We scuttle back to the chair, where I finish him off. I fetch a warm, wet towel and clean him up. I spend ten more minutes talking to the spent john while I redo my makeup, and then *boom!* I'm gone, out the door. I was in his room less than a half hour.

Easy money.



"We're the nicer, friendlier IRS. Now we lubricate before we fuck you up the ass!"

MAY 26

I'm ready to go out, and who pulls in driving a silver BMW convertible but Pimp Daddy David.

The plot thickens, I think.

David was my first real Vegas experience when I came to town in the spring of '96. We met at a lap-dancing club during a Tyson-fight weekend. I was instantly attracted to him, though I had never dated a black man before. He told me he made his living creating art, which he actually does when he knuckles down. But mostly, David's into the Life, and walking into his world was quite an eye-opener.

I watch David step out of the sports coupe and climb two flights of stairs; his long, brown legs are a bit thin. He's wearing Versace glasses, and his diamond earring glitters in the late-afternoon sun. David stops on the third landing, gives the parking lot a quick appraisal, then disappears around the corner.

I pull my blinds closed, tilting them so I can see out without being visible myself. I keep half an eye on the BMW, but after grabbing a cigarette, I look down, and the car is gone.

What's David up to? I know it involves money and is probably something illegal. I don't need him in my life. He would fuck everything up. Dealing with David is what taught me to stay away from them motherfuckers.

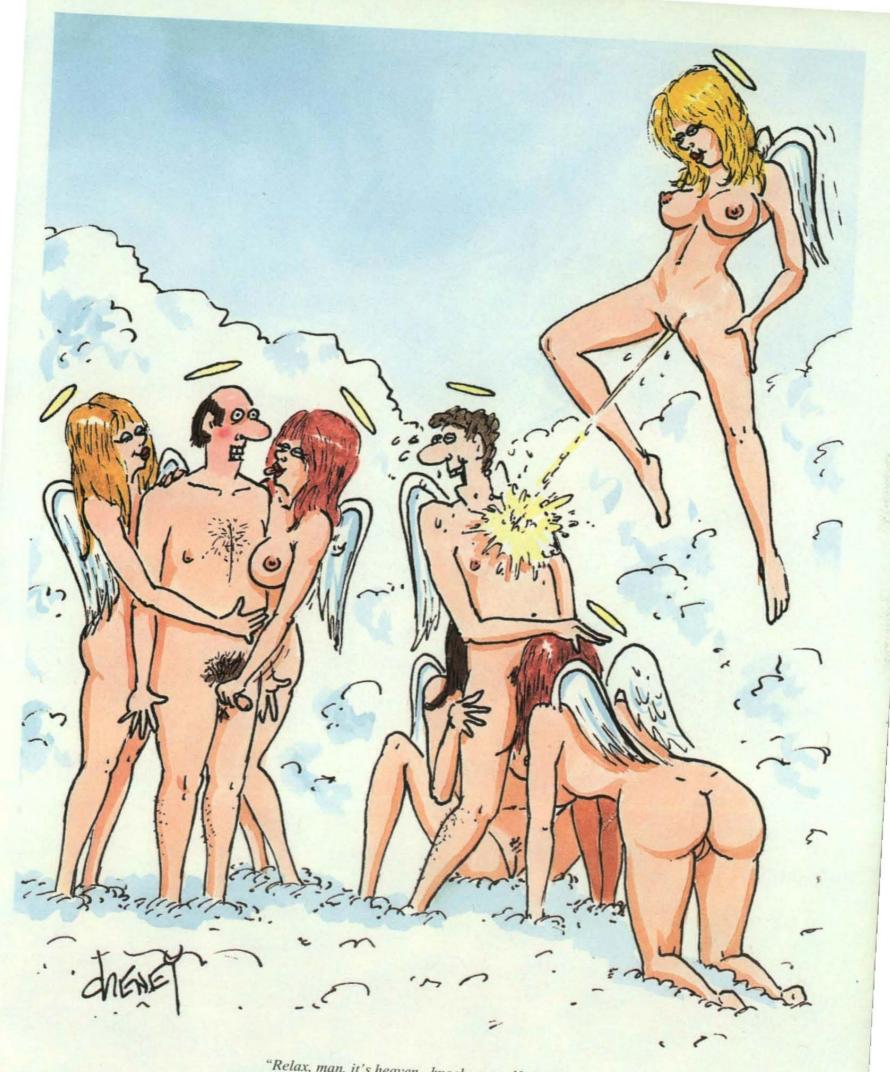
Pimps. The peacocks of the human race. Strutting around, looking fine—all the money, all the women, fucking daily, getting paid. They want 100% of everything: 100% of the money; 100% control of you.

JUNE 4

I am living the Vegas-girl casino life staying at the elegant Luxor resort with its seven swimming pools, spa, Egyptianmotif rooms, ceiling-to-floor windows, oversize lounge chairs, king-size bed and calm, gold tones—luxury living.

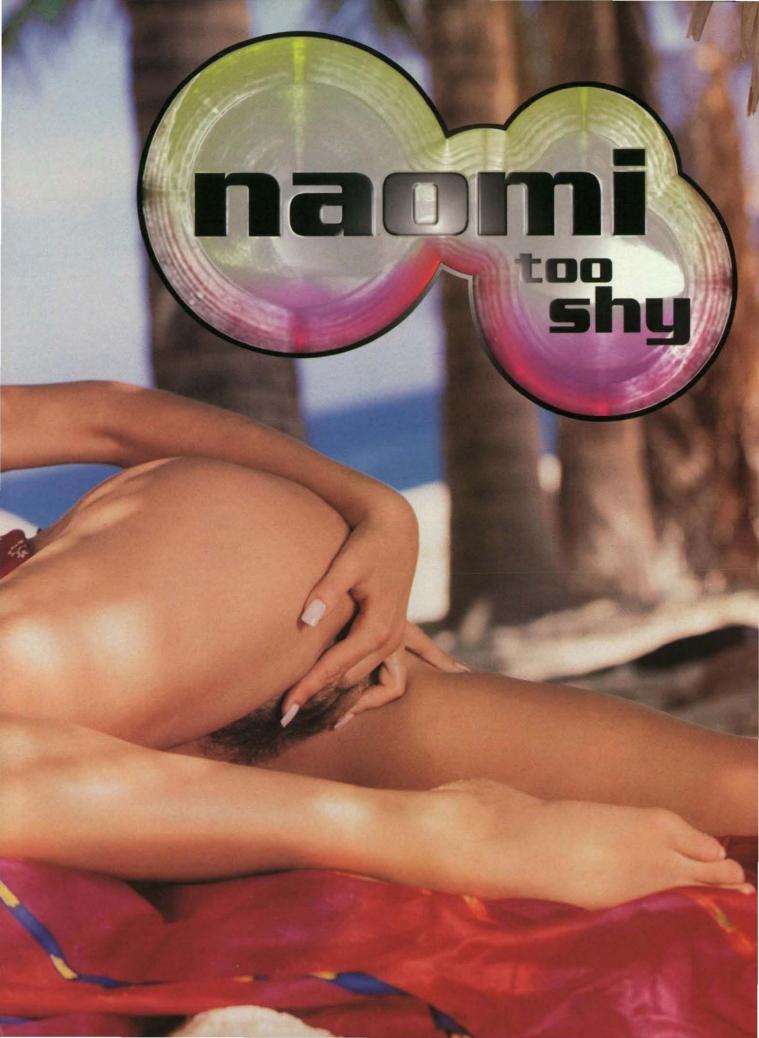
I head out after a cup of coffee. Dress up, sex up, strut my stuff: Caesars; MGM; NY, NY; Las Vegas Hilton. I wander the casinos with my radar on, casually sitting at the bar while potential tricks mill about me like dogs around a bitch in heat. My pussy is hot, ready. It may not be real sex, but it is an unreal facsimile. The excitement, the honed senses, the ego gratification tinged with fear. The sexy swing of my hips, the anticipation of fast money. The complete freedom and control, the power of selection, the ultimate feeling of being a sexy woman.

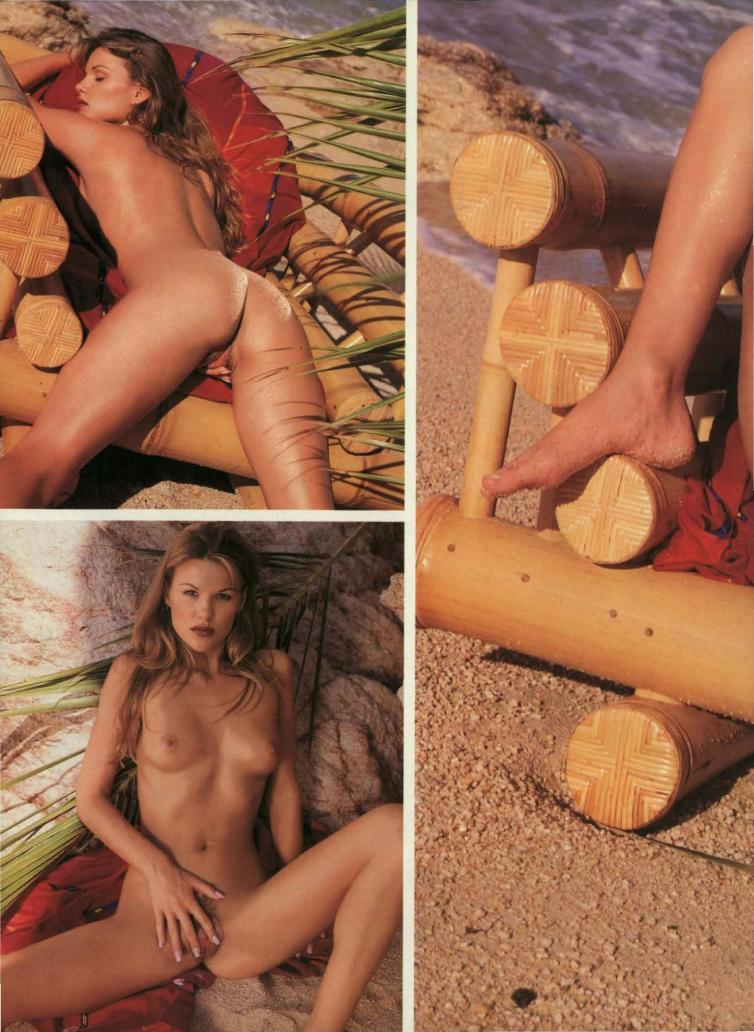
I'm a Vegas 'ho. &



"Relax, man, it's heaven...knock yourself out!"



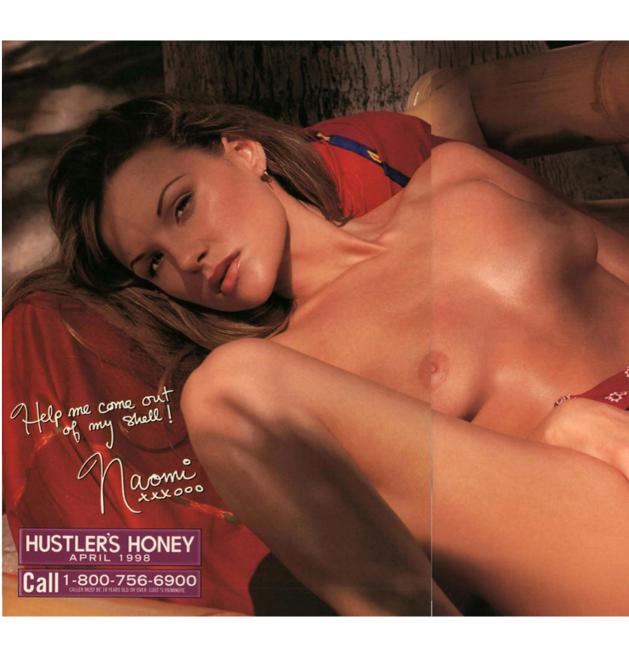


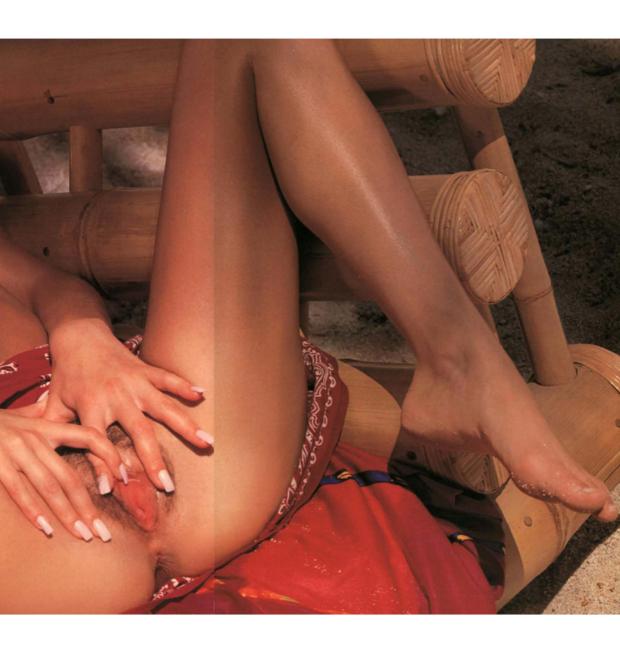


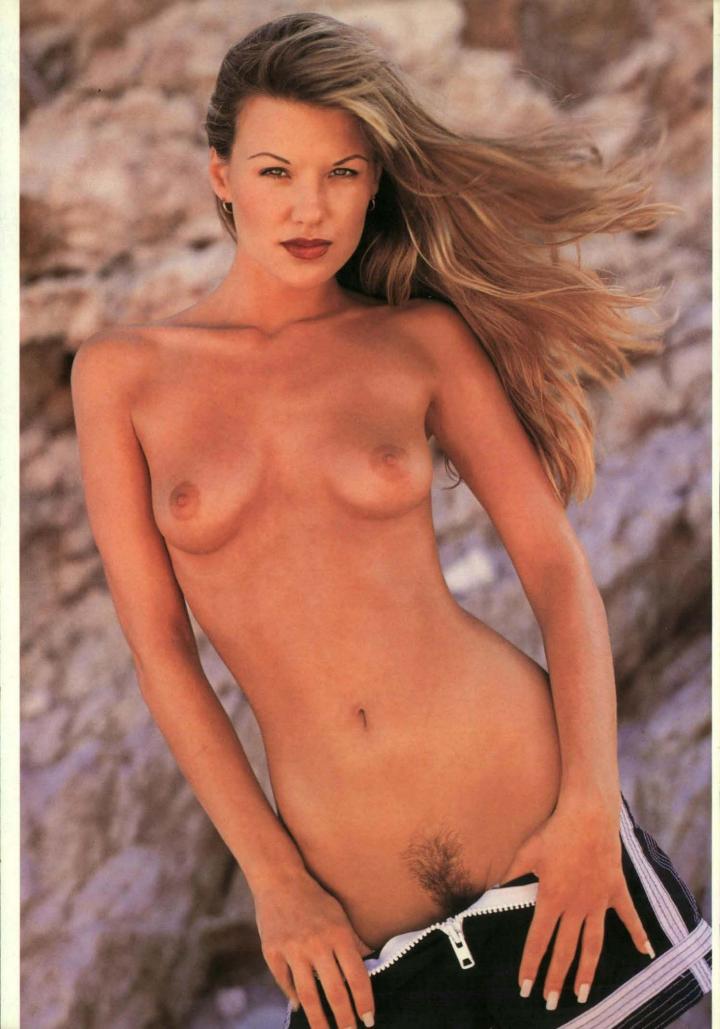


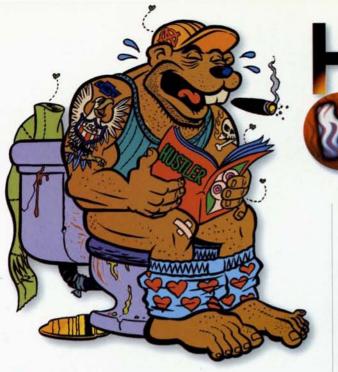












A distraught young woman decided to end her life by throwing herself into the ocean. As she marched down the pier to her doom, a handsome young sailor took pity on her.

"I'm off to Europe in the morning," he said. "If you like, I'll stow you away onboard my ship. I promise to take good care of you."

Sliding his arm around her, he added, "We'll make each other happy." The despondent girl gratefully agreed.

That evening, the sailor brought the girl aboard and hid her in a lifeboat. Each night, they shared a frugal dinner of sandwiches and apples and made passionate love until dawn.

Three weeks later, during a routine search, the stowaway was discovered by the captain.

"What are you doing here?" the skipper demanded.

"I have an arrangement with one of the sailors," the woman tearfully confessed. "He's taking me to Europe, and he's screwing me."

"He sure is, lady," the commander replied. "This is the Staten Island Ferry."

A White House aide nervously entered the Oval Office.

"What's the matter?" President Clinton asked.

"It's this abortion bill, Mr. President," the aide replied. "What do you want us to do about it?"

"Oh," Clinton shrugged, "just go ahead and pay it."

Question: What do you say to a woman with no arms and no legs?

Answer: "Nice tits!"

Darling," whispered the girl to her young lover, "when did you first realize you were in love with me?"

"Well, I suppose," her paramour answered tenderly, "it was when I got angry at all the other guys in the office who said you were a lousy lay."

What's that?" toddler Annie asked, pointing as her mother stepped out of the shower.

"It's called a vagina, Annie," her mother answered.

"When will I get one of those?" the precocious girl inquired.

"Not until you're older."

Moments later, Annie walked in on her father as he was pulling on his undershorts.

"What's that?" she asked, pointing to his crotch.

"It's called a penis," her father answered.

"When will I get one?"

"As soon as your mother leaves for work," he replied.

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *chastity belt* as: a manhole cover.

Three expectant mothers sat in the doctor's waiting room comparing notes on infant health.

"I'm taking calcium so my baby will have strong bones," the first young woman proclaimed.

"Iron supplements will give my child healthy blood," the second mother offered.

Sighing, the third woman set down the sweater she was knitting. "I'm taking thalidomide," she said, "because I can't remember how to make sleeves on this damned thing!"

Question: What did the black kid get for his birthday? Answer: My bike.

Plagued by intestinal cramps, Ed sought medical help.
"This is a common problem," said the doctor. "I usually prescribe suppositories."

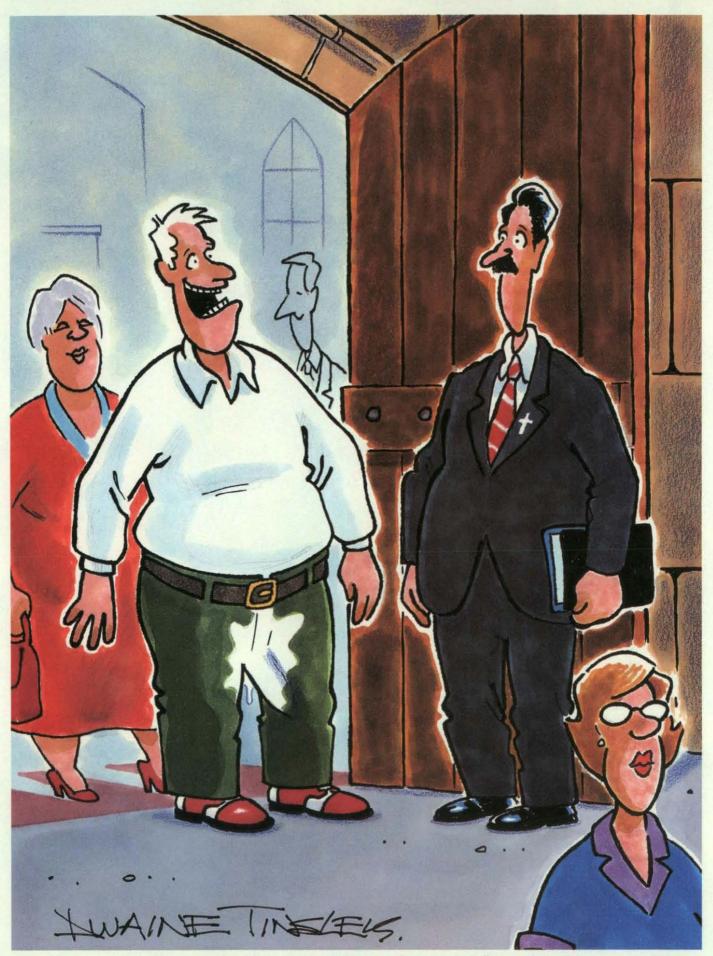
Warning him of the pain, the medic told Ed to bend over, then he inserted the remedy deep into Ed's asshole. "Repeat this treatment in six hours," the doctor advised.

Later that evening, Ed's wife assisted him. Placing one hand on her husband's shoulder, she shoved the pill in with the other. Ed let out a horrifying wail.

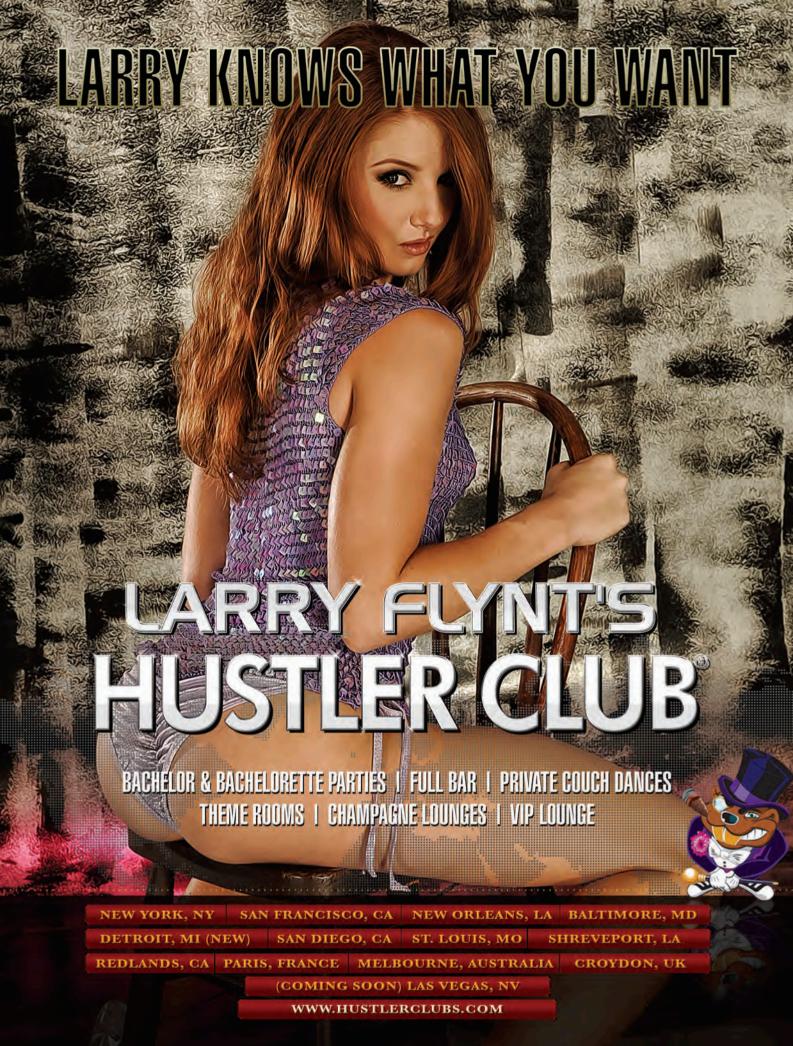
"What is it?" his wife cried. "Did I hurt you?"

"No," Ed answered, "I just realized that when the doctor did that, he had both hands on my shoulders."

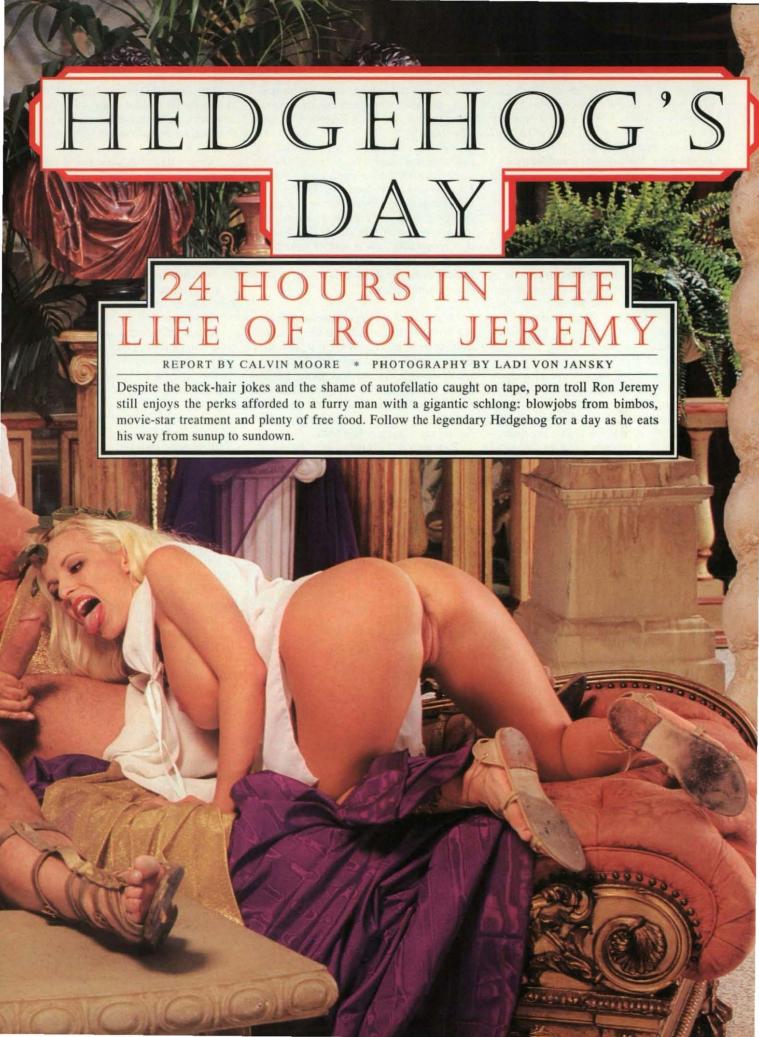
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"Cool sermon, Rev. All that fucking in Sodom and Gomorrah really turned me on!"







Hedgehog "Of all the days for a HUSTLER reporter to follow me around," sighs Ron.

"We have to film a scene where the girl won't fuck me. It couldn't be a scene where I look like a stud, of course."

A flash of blond hair, perfect teeth and silicone-inflated breasts. Porn tart Summer Collins is the embodiment of California-bimbo sexuality in her Pontiac convertible. The sweltering San Fernando Valley gets hotter when Summer cruises toward a studio owned by smut director John T. Bone.

Inside a dingy break room, Summer punches the clock for a morning of hired fucking. The slutty Marsha Brady lookalike pours herself a cup of industrialstrength joe, blissfully unaware that someone—or rather, some grotesque parody of everything that Summer is not-lurks behind her: an overweight, hairy, Semitic, cologne-drenched, Dorito-munching Hedgehog who sucks his own dick...because he can. Under the weight of dark, rodent eyes that burn into her perfectly tanned back, Summer turns to gaze upon the hirsute beast's chubby features.

Instead of screaming, Summer chirps, "Hi, Ronnie. What are you doing here?

"I think we have a scene together," responds Ron Jeremy, perhaps the most recognizable porn star in history. That distinction does little to dissuade the blood from fleeing Summer's apple cheeks.

She stammers, "You're kidding?" Ron's nonchalant chip-chomping suggests otherwise.

"Why?" he replies between mouthfuls, pausing to brush nacho-cheese crumbs from his black T-shirt. "Is there a problem?"

Summer excuses herself with all the politesse a woman who performs double penetrations on camera can muster. Further down the hall, her Valley Girl inflections ring through the Amazing Pictures studio: "Listen, T. Bone, you motherfucker. If you think I'm fucking that Hedgehog, you're out of your fucking mind! Do you think I've worked this fucking hard for this fucking long to fuck Ron fucking Jeremy?"

"Cut. Good enough," mutters Bone, the British-born motherfucker in question. Instead of cringing from Summer, Bone watches the scene play back on a video monitor several feet away. Bone's latest jizz flick, You Want to Fuck Me Where?, is the story of several gals who get poked in the backside-and one Hedgehog who gets the shaft.

Ron Jeremy rolls his eyes as he suffers good-natured barbs from the Amazing staff. "Of all the days for a HUSTLER reporter to follow me around," sighs Ron. "We have to film a scene where the girl won't fuck me. It couldn't be a scene where I look like a stud, of course."

"Of course," Bone deadpans. He's off to shoot a far luckier actor-the one who dips wick in Summer's rectum-as Ron summons a female companion and prepares to leave.

"This is Dalny," says a gentlemanly Jeremy. The big-chested, close-cropped blonde's outrageous physique towers several inches above Ron; she can barely stop playing with his hair long enough for a polite handshake.

Ron would love to begin his interview as planned, but something has come up. It's essential for Dalny to drive him back to his apartment. After a brief apology, Ron agrees to drop by the HUSTLER offices at noon.

"The problem with scheduling an article around a typical day in the life of Ron Jeremy," explains the man-size rodent, "is that there is no typical day in the life of Ron Jeremy."

Ron Jeremy, née Ron Hyatt, is proud of his 19 years as an adult-industry fixture.

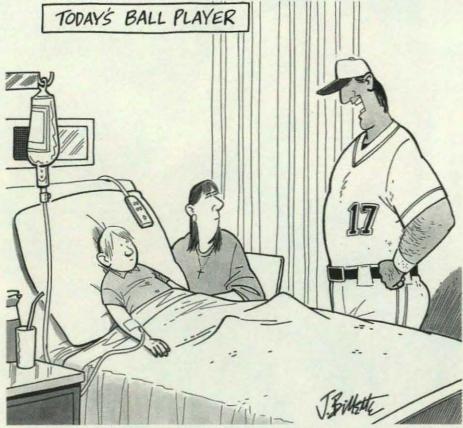
"I'm not ashamed of anything," he claims. "Well, besides blowing myself on camera."

According to his official Web site (http://www.wco.com/~grubenst/ron), Ron's filmography boasts more than 1,000 titles, including such classics as Raw Talent, Love on the Hershey Highway and Battle of the Ultra Milkmaids. His larger-than-life reputation stems from a huge penis, a gut that's bigger and a walrus mustache as thick as the hair on his back.

All of which has made for two decades' worth of wisecracks, potshots and downright cruelty. Like his "close friends" Pauly Shore and Joey Buttafuoco, Ron's existence has become a punch line.

The qualities that earned Ron status as a fucking joke have also proved endearing to several generations of jerkoffs. The former Playgirl model's furry presence in a sex scene can be a wilting experience for Hedgehog devotees, just like everyone else. Ron's fans, however, love him for his grossness. Call their appreciation camp; call it the manifestation of pornography's simultaneous attraction and repulsion factor. Just don't call Ron Jeremy if you're in a hurry to get off the phone.

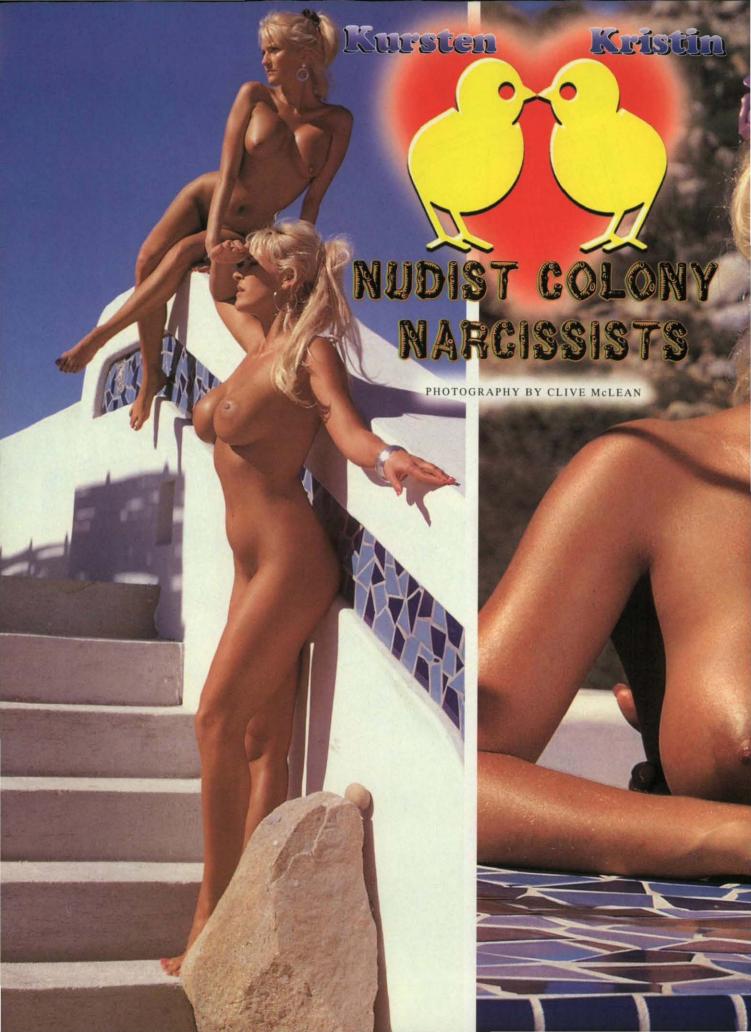
Hey, kiddo. This is Ron Jeremy. I know I was supposed to be there at noon, but I was with my friend Adam Rifkin, who gave me a part in his new movie, Denial. Starring Patrick Dempsey. And (continued on page 98)



"You bet I'll hit a home run for you, Timmy! And it'll only cost you ten grand!"



"It's a new sitcom called The British Nanny!"





"Mmm," says Kursten, "we even taste alike."













Hedgehog He won't do anything "too sick" on camera, such as vomit on a girl, piss on a girl, strangle a girl or force a girl to lick his asshole. "I'm a gushy kind of guy." Ron explains.

Jason Alexander from Seinfeld. You know, Jerry Seinfeld used to be the emcee when I did my comedy act. I met him on the set of his show recently, and he remembered me! He remembered me as Ron the Maniac. I used to dance onstage and hang a moon at the audience, back on the East Coast. Which is where I'm going tomorrow, by the way. Once every summer, I canoe down the Delaware River. I also have a part in a movie filming in New York, very big movie, called Studio 54. Starring Mike Meyers from Wayne's World and Salma Hayek. That starts shooting soon. So we really need to do this article before I leave. Bye-bye.

Lavish works of art and rich carpet greet visitors to the Flynt Publications building. In these plush, Beverly Hills surroundings, Ron Jeremy's T-shirt and rumpled pants may seem like a comical affront, but the Hedgehog feels at home.

"I love Larry Flynt," Ron gushes. Walking the corridors of HUSTLER triggers fond memories of the magazine's founder. "In the early 1980s, Larry sent me to the tropics for a boy/girl photo shoot. Spent a week down there with the model, the photographer and Althea Flynt. We must have been on the island for two days when Larry phones and tells me, 'Stay the fuck away from my wife!' One of the best times I ever had.'

Ron visits the office of Allan MacDonell, HUSTLER's Executive Editor. After the obligatory pleasantries, an issue of Time magazine is triumphantly produced from Ron's back pocket. He turns to a review of Turner Network Television's Wallace, a two-hour, historical drama by acclaimed director John Frankenheimer.

"Listen to this," beams Ron, reciting from memory: "'In a piece of inspired casting, fat, hirsute porn star Ron Jeremy plays a Bostonian laborer."

'Are you sure that doesn't say insipid casting?" taunts a grinning MacDonell.

An elevator hoists Ron's bulk to the HUSTLER Talent Department, where he plans to meet a young model named Lisa Duncan. Along the way, the Hedgehog waxes philosophical. "Critics slam me good, but I guess that's their right. I enjoy being slammed by someone humorous like Allan MacDonell. He kids me, but then he offers me an extra 50 bucks to model for HUSTLER's Bits & Pieces. I appreciate that."

The elevator doors part to reveal yet another golden-haired, mega-mammaried

sexpot. She greets her fat, hirsute beau with a playful hug. A white baby T and cut-off jeans struggle to contain the orgy of jiggling girl flesh.

Lisa Duncan was a typical 19-yearold exotic dancer in Sacramento when the Hedgehog walked into her club. She climbed offstage, jumped into Ron's car and blew him en route to a fuck-film career in Los Angeles. Now Lisa hopes to add a HUSTLER centerfold shoot to her portfolio.

"Look at Lisa's lips," says Ron, ogling the mouth he has so thoroughly enjoyed. "Those are Traci Lords lips. She's got the same pout."

At the moment, there's only one thing Ron wants to cram into that orifice-and his own: lunch. He promises to conduct a formal interview over allvou-can-eat sushi.

On the way out, Ron adds, "Go ahead and get us a table, kiddo. Lisa and I might show up a little late."

As expected, Ron and Lisa miss Todei's lunch buffet by an hour. The Hedgehog is crushed. He argues with a befuddled Asian hostess, who repeatedly states, "Special end at three p.m." Lisa mollifies her mentor by dragging him down the block to a Hard Rock Cafe.

"Larry is paying for this, right?" Ron hedges. Upon confirmation, he chooses two appetizers, carefully repeating his order into the microcassette recorder. ("One spinach dip and one chicken fingers.") Ron's legendary appetite encourages reporters to stretch the dietary truth.

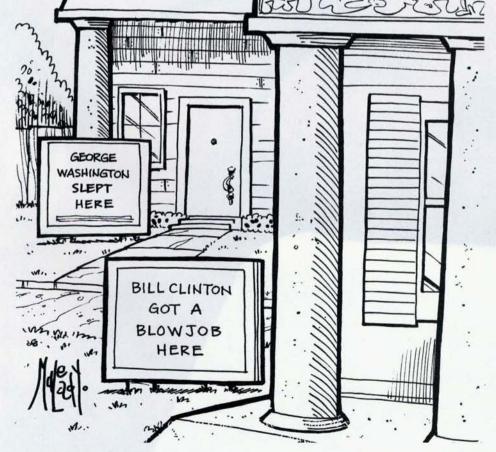
"A woman named Susan Faludi wrote a piece about male porn stars for the New Yorker," elucidates Ron. "She claimed I licked the bottom of a cream-cheese box when I ate my lox platter. I wouldn't do that in front of you or Lisa, let alone the New Yorker! You haven't seen me lick a plate, have you? Not yet. I mean, the day is still young."

All kidding aside, Ron relishes the opportunity of his own HUSTLER feature to set the record straight. He's not a drinker or a druggie. He adamantly refuses to approach girls and coerce them to do porn. He won't do anything "too sick" on camera, such as vomit on a girl, piss on a girl, strangle a girl or force a girl to lick his asshole.

"I'm a gushy kind of guy," Ron explains. "I like cuddling."

What he doesn't like is the direction the adult industry is headed, which he feels is "too much like Europe.

(continued on page 106)









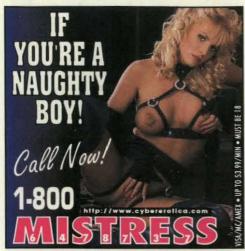














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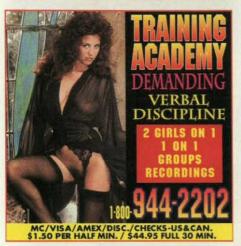
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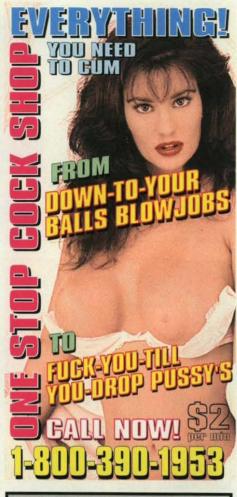
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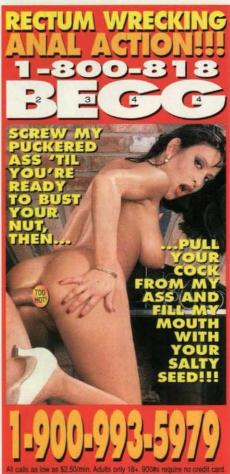


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Hedgehog Ron thanks the waitress profusely. Watching her cart away a large stack of dishes, Ron whispers, "The waitress does anal. You can tell by the way she walks."

"Now a lot of girls are doing really strong stuff: fists, golden showers, all anal," lists the mustachioed lardball. "You don't even kiss the girl anymoreyou go right up her butt. I don't mind that, but I like a little tease to start off."

Lisa interjects ebulliently: "I like foreplay!"

"And this is a down-and-dirty girl," insists Ron. "She can take a good cock in the ass.'

A mother and two children in the next booth appear unnerved by Ron's dinner conversation. He politely changes the topic to his own family.

"I have the most amazing, East Coast Jewish relatives. A few CIA and FBI members-but they don't talk about it. I have one relative who heads the largest hotel chain in the world. I can't give any names, of course. Mom was in an organization called the OSS, which became the CIA.

"Dad was an Army man who always told me, 'The body craves regimentation. You must get up the same time, eat the same time and shit the same time.' Of course, I live the opposite of that lifestyle."

Undoubtedly, Dad would approve of two muscular, clean-cut young men who approach the table with timid grins. The

mooks are Canadian tourists with the glassy-eyed smiles of children meeting Santa Claus. They ask the fat, jolly man with the big dick to pose for a photo. Ron is delighted—especially when the fans mention their hometown in the province of Saskatchewan.

"There's a restaurant in Saskatchewan called the Outback Shack, and I'm on the menu," Ron says through a Polaroid-ready smile. "No lie. It's called the RJ Burger-ground beef and sausage on a bun."

Autographs are signed. Before scurrying off, one of the Canucks gives a cursory nod to Lisa. Clearly, the Hedgehog is a bigger attraction than a pretty girl.

"A lot of times I'll sign an autograph for a guy, but he says it's for his girlfriend," chuckles Ron, finishing the fries from Lisa's plate. "He thinks it looks too gay to act like he's a fan."

The waitress arrives with a message from another rabid admirer-in this case. the Hard Rock Cafe's manager.

"He wants you to know your check is taken care of," reports the comely, aproned plate slinger, "and you can come here anytime. On the house.'

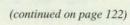
For the first time today—maybe the first time ever-Ron is speechless. He grabs the microcassette recorder and gasps, "This had better make it into your fuckin' article!"

Ron thanks the waitress profusely and sees that she receives a healthy tip from HUSTLER's petty cash. Watching her cart away a large stack of dishes, Ron whispers, "The waitress does anal. You can tell by the way she walks. Hmm...maybe she wants to get in the business."

Ron stops himself in mock horror: "Oh, God, I'm a total hypocrite! I said I refuse to approach girls. As soon as we get a decent-looking waitress, I say, 'Ever thought of making a gang-bang tape with an all-black cast?'

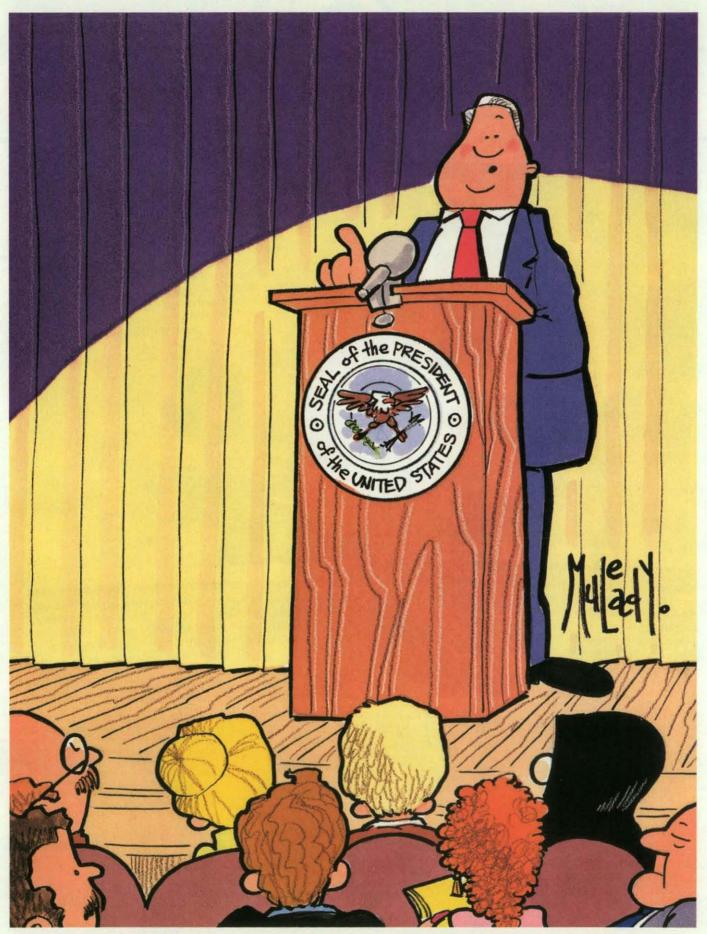
Hey, kiddo. This is Ron Jeremy. Lisa Duncan just dropped me off at home. What a sweet girl. I did a blowjob scene with her for a Robert Black picture. Every guy wanted to talk to her, work with her, get blown in the corner by her. Hell, I saw you checking her out during lunch, and I thought, Maybe he's not gay after all! I took Lisa to Joey Buttafuoco's car shop and had her do sexy poses. Joey says to me, 'How old is she?' I tell Joey she's 17. He starts having a heart attack! I mean, she was dressed and all; they didn't do anything sexual. I bring lots of girls to celebrities, just to hang out. For instance, I took Wendy Whoppers to Charlie Sheen's house. Charlie was a perfect gentleman. No one had sex. Are you buying this? I didn't think so. Speaking of movie stars, Linnea Quigley's going to be at my apartment around six. Why don't you come meet her? Then you can drive me to my movie premiere at eight. It's an R-rated comedy called Orgazmo by this whiz kid Trey Parker. He created that cartoon for Comedy Central, ahh...South Park. I haven't seen it. But Orgazmo got accepted to the Toronto Film Festival. Very big movie. I play a character named Jizz-Master Zero. Trey's young, like you, 26 or 27 years old. I hate him! And you. Joking, only joking. Bye-bye.

Atop an imposing security high-rise in Hollywood, Ron Jeremy keeps an accumulation of videotapes and press clippings he calls home. According to the potbellied porn king, he spends most of his time at the humble abode of his friend, Mark Wahlberg. This may explain the complete disarray of Ron's apartment. The most attractive thing in the drab, one-bedroom bachelor pad is Linnea Quigley, who sits Indian-style on the floor.





"I'm sorry, could you repeat those directions? I wasn't paying attention...."



"I participated in the Whitewater scandal, I rented out the Lincoln bedroom, I had Vince Foster killed, and I asked Paula Jones for a blowjob...but at no time did I ever inhale!"





Who says New England girls are uptight? Naomi, a 24-year-old Boston, Massachusetts, native, reveals the perversion that bubbles beneath the surface of Puritan reserve. When she's not juggling figures at her job as an accounting clerk, bodybuilding Naomi primes her own figure for a threeway with her husband and another man. Photo by Husband

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Proudly displaying her shaved cooch and pierced tongue is Madison, a tall drink of pussy from Austin, Texas. A 22-year-old entertainer, Madison enjoys "horseback riding and water sports," but hopes to burn off some extra calories in a threeway with "two beautiful women." Guess girls can lose their cherries riding bareback.

Photo by Friend

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Eden is original sin clothed in a pair of denim cut-offs. An entertainer from Fort Worth, Texas, this breasty 21-year-old delights in dancing, sewing and working out. Resourceful Eden doesn't need Martha Stewart's home-entertainment tips. She already dreams of throwing "a pussy party with four of my best girlfriends." Sounds like paradise.

Photo by Husband

Lily is a tenacious flower from Brooklyn, New York. The year-old receptionist has many impressionable years to ful her dream of attending a "ten people orgy" and "having se onstage at a concert while everyone watches." Need help reaching your goals, Lily? HUSTLER'S BARELY LEGAL can stoke your motivation. Photo by Boyfriend



Nina is a Midwestern scholar with an exhibitionist streak wider than Lake Superior. This spunky 19-year-old citizen of Caseyville, Illinois, enjoys swimming and dancing. Nina dreams of revolutionizing mass transit by having sex on a public train, where she'd "risk being caught." Try spreading your legs in the dining car, Nina. Photo by Fiance



Open your hearts to Alexis, a 26-year-old model and dancer from Springfield, Ohio. This busy Beaver divides her time between dancing and designing "costumes and bondage equipment." As cultured as she is kinky, Alexis daydreams about "a symphony playing the soundtrack to my sexual fantasies while I perform onstage." Someone better grab that empty seat in the orchestra pit.

Photo by Friend



Meet voluptuous equestrienne Chrissy, from New Smyrna Beach, Florida. Outside the corral, this 23year-old horse trainer spends her time sunbathing nude and fantasizing about breaking in two gallant studs atop "a motor home in the infield of the Daytona 500." Curvaceous Chrissy is truly a recreational vehicle.

Photo by Husband



Ashleigh is a 25-year-old factory-line technician from Caldwell, Ohio. Ashleigh gets her kicks sunbathing, shopping and taking pictures with her husband. Baring all in the plush interior of her love machine, Ashleigh is halfway to reaching her sexual destination: "sex in the backseat of my car, anywhere at anytime." Do you believe in carpooling, Ashleigh?

Photo by Husband



Michelle is a housewife and avid HUSTLER reader from Billings, Montana. A rugged outdoorswoman, the well-read 26-year-old fishes, hikes and camps. After roaming the ranges of Big Sky Country, Michelle likes to come home, "have great sex and read HUSTLER" with her husband. Michelle hopes to include some beautiful women in this scenario very soon. Photo by Husband





Kelly, of Cameron Park, California, is a 21-year-old girl of basic needs. "Cars, chocolate and sex" are all that's needed to fuel this exotic dancer's engine. Kelly keeps her hobbies simple, but nurtures elaborate fantasies of being "tied up" during sex. B&D goes great with M&M's.

UFO enthusiasts are not the only far-out earthlings from Colorado Springs, Colorado. Geneva is a happy-go-lucky, 26-year-old Beaver who enjoys gambling and dancing. Geneva wants to have a threesome with her husband and "another well-hung man." Count your blessings, Geneva. A little positive thinking and a big schlong go a long way in this world. Photo by Husband





Homer City, Pennsylvania, is home to Angelique, an exotic dancer and model. This 24-year-old glamazon maintains her entertainer's physique through "lifting weights and sexercise." Sounds like more fun than sweating to the oldies.

Photo by Friend

Jadia is a substitute teacher from San Francisco,
California. When she is not educating America's impressionable youth, this 25-year-old enjoys "shopping,
weightlifting and fantasizing about a hot threesome with a
man or woman." It appears tacks aren't the only thing
man or woman. "It appears tacks aren't these days.

kids put on teacher's chair these days.



Mi-shell, a 28-year-old dancer and animal lover, has a most ambitious fantasy. This Kennesaw, Georgia, gal dreams of "having sex in a glass elevator while everyone watches." Don't forget the Windex, Mi-shell.

Photo by Boyfriend



Montreal, Quebec, Canada's Genevieve reveals the perverted side of our curious northern neighbors. This 20-year-old honey likes movies and writing, but is truly inspired by the idea of her boyfriend "performing oral sex and more with another man." Doesn't every young Canadian man dream of becoming a Mountie?

Photo by Friend





There may not be a lot of mountains in Fort Wayne, Indiana, but Sierra arouses visions of those mighty Western peaks. A 23-year-old photo technician, Sierra writes that she's already had a threeway and a fourway and now waits for an invitation to a party where everyone strips down "buck nocked" and joins loins in an orgy. You've done the math, Sierra. Next time, check the spelling. Photo by Husband



























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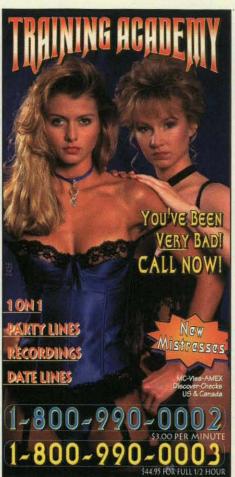
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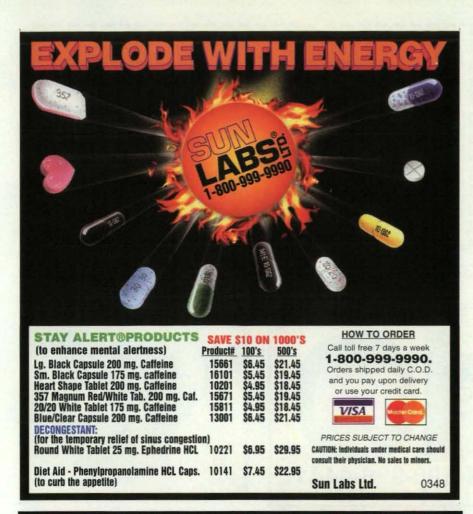


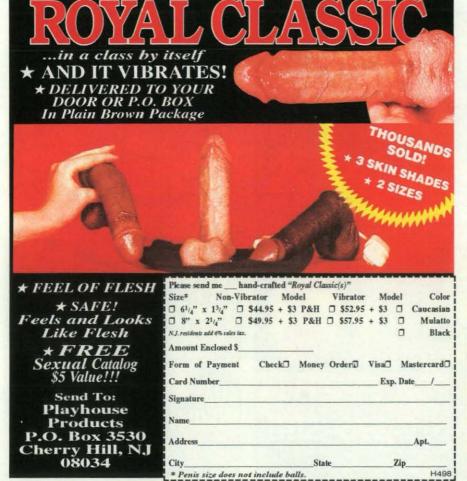


















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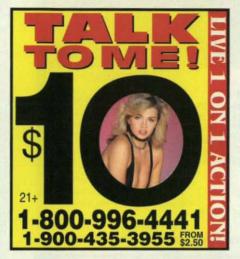
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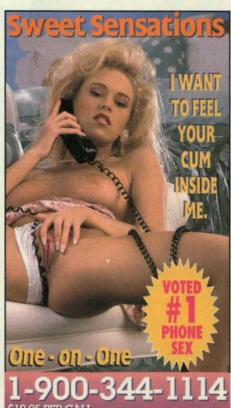
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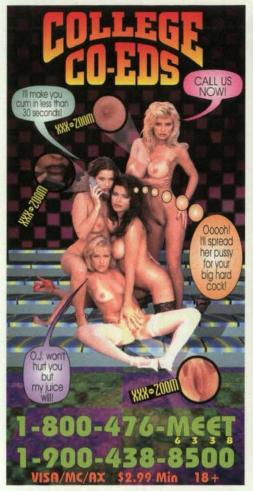
















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(continued from page 106)

Hedgehog "I hope you don't mind, but I think I'd rather have Cannibal drive me to the airport. You know, so I can get a kiss good night." He bobs his head over an open fist and chuckles.

Linnea is the Kewpie-doll "Scream Queen" who supplies B movies with gratuitous tits and ass. Her blond, Midwestern good looks and tight bod have enlivened Return of the Living Dead, Hollywood Chainsaw Hookers and Silent Night, Deadly Night, among countless, mindless others.

Ron has offered to help Linnea practice lines for a top-secret project. The script is so sensitive that no HUSTLER reporters are allowed in Ron's apartment while the two rehearse. Before the area can be secured, however, Linnea is bubbly and outgoing.

She provides a signed copy of her autobiography, I'm Screaming as Fast as I Can, and makes small talk. Ron tolerates the banal conversation for a few minutes, then interrupts and ushers Linnea to another room.

"Give us half an hour, and I'll be ready for the Orgazmo premiere," Ron promises. "But don't knock. Just call from the lobby."

Thirty minutes go by. There is no answer from the Jeremy residence. The Hedgehog picks up a few minutes later.

"Give us another 15," he begs. When the allotted time is up, Ron's line is busy.

Almost an hour passes before the building's elevator opens. Out pops a

woman sporting dark sunglasses, her head of disheveled, blond hair held low. She rushes through the lobby in stony silence and exits just as the courtesy phone rings.

"I'm ready," declares Ron.

When Ron Jeremy's name appears in Orgazmo's credits, a loud cheer goes up from the rowdy audience. The lowbrow comedy gives Ron plenty of opportunities to mug and overact in a villainousand fully clothed-performance.

An after-party is held at the trendy Club Lingerie. Ron drinks orange juice with a contented smile. He pulls aside hotshot director Trey Parker, holding court in a neon-yellow quasi-mohawk and a metallic-blue shirt. Kind words are swapped like prom-night saliva: Ron is "the greatest"; Parker is "a genius." Then the genius is carried off by a bevy of gorgeous nightclubbers in identical silk slip dresses.

Ron rubs his nose and asks, "Did I get any on me? Is my nose still brown?"

Dancing revelers are parted by the day's umpteenth peroxide, D-cup princess. Her searching expression can only suggest one thing: She is here to meet Ron Jeremy.

"I call myself Cannibal because I eat

people," the big-boned bimbo clarifies. "You know, like oral sex." Contrary to her primitive aspirations, a well-trained Cannibal dutifully fetches Ron another orange juice.

Once she is out of earshot, Ron leans in with a confidential tone. "I hope you don't mind, but I think I'd rather have Cannibal drive me to the airport. You know, so I can get a kiss good night." He bobs his head over an open fist and chuckles.

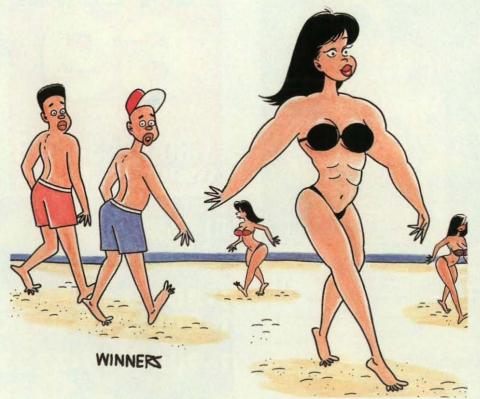
The loud music and smoke are too much. Ron wants to wind up the evening at a nearby Denny's. Another HUSTLER scribe—this time a porn reviewer sent to check out Orgazmo-walks by with his mortified girlfriend; the Hedgehog invites the pair to join the fun.

Over several plates of fried appetizers, Ron lays down his philosophy of what makes a good party: "First you look around for food. If there's no good food, you look around for show-business people who can help your career. If there's no one more important than you, you look for chicks you want to have sex with. If there aren't any of those things, then you leave."

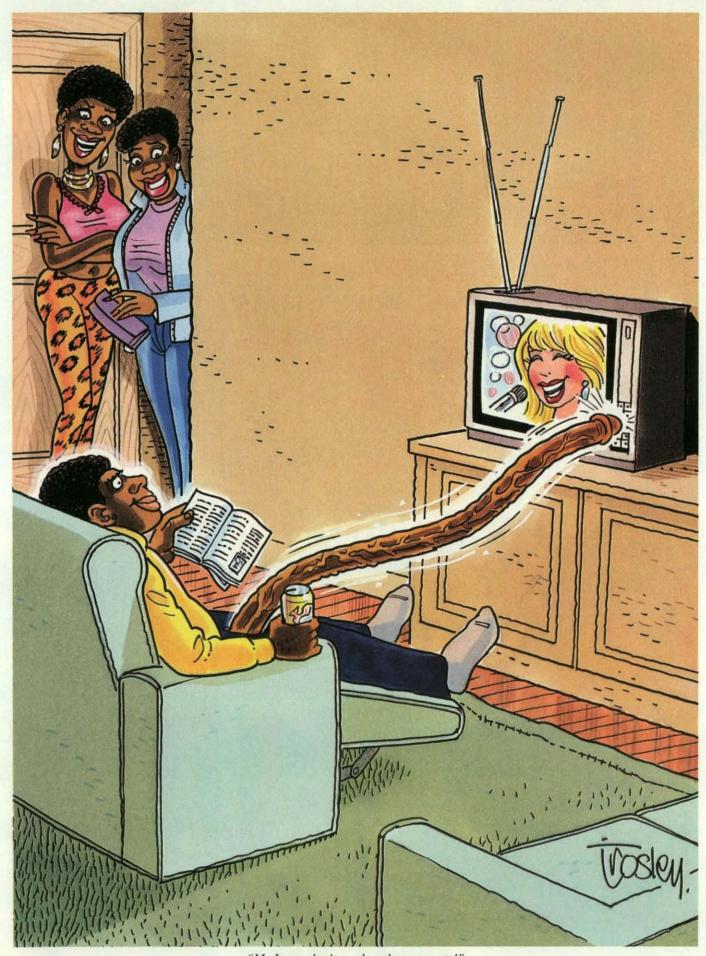
"Sitting here fulfills all those categories for me," chimes in the HUSTLER critic, accompanied by a glare from his significant other. "There's good food, Ron can help my career '

"Yeah," Ron leers. "And I want to have sex with your girlfriend.'

Hey, kiddo. This is Ron Jeremy calling from New York. I got your message about meeting some guy at a bar who accused me of being a pimp. I'm not even going to dignify that. It's so far from the truth that I can't have any fun with it. I told you I introduce girls to celebrities. Everybody knows that. Rolling Stone reported that I introduced Savannah to Slash of Guns 'n' Roses. Does that make me a pimp? I introduced you to Lisa Duncan. What if you called me up because you wanted her number, and the two of you got together? Would that make me a pimp? It's just a stupid, ridiculous claim from a drunk idiot at a bar. I mean, if somebody said, 'Oh yeah, Ronnie polished off a whole buffet at the AVN Awards,' or, 'Ronnie ate a whole cow,' at least that's believable. What if some drunk said I started World War III? Would you print that? Ask Allan that. Ask him if you have to print the accusation that I'm a pimp. And tell Allan I haven't received my extra 50 bucks for appearing in Bits & Pieces. Who's in charge there? Fire everyone! Heads will roll! Joking, only joking. Bye-bye. 😜



"I'd hit on her, but she'd probably kick my ass!"



"My Leroy don't need no damn remote!"

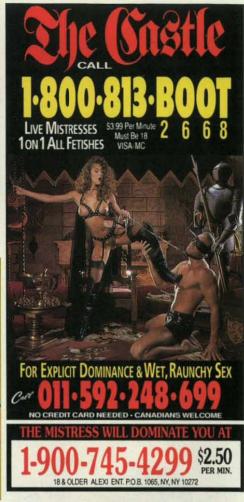


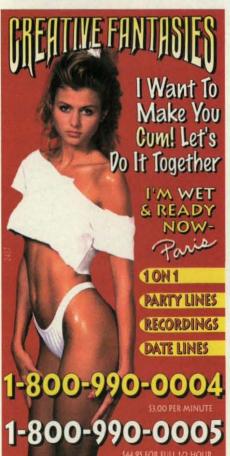














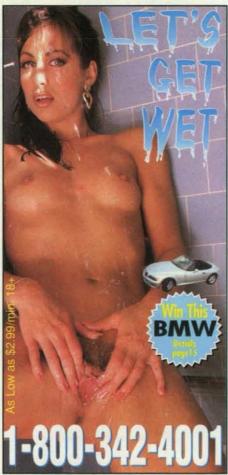


















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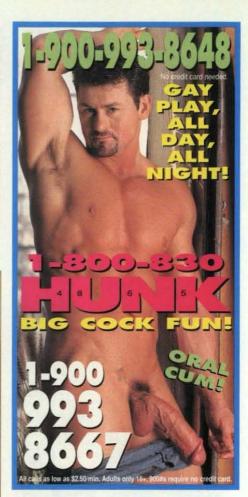




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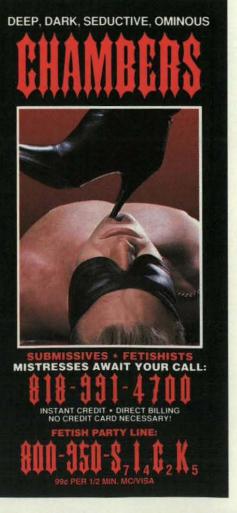










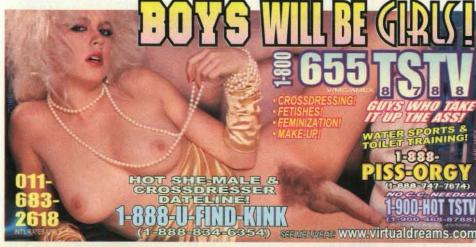


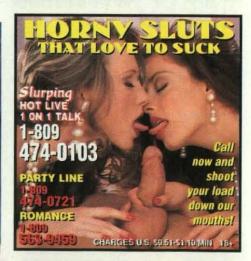










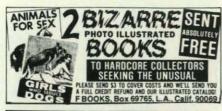




























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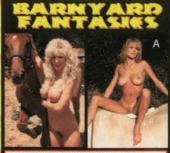
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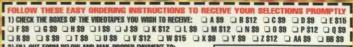
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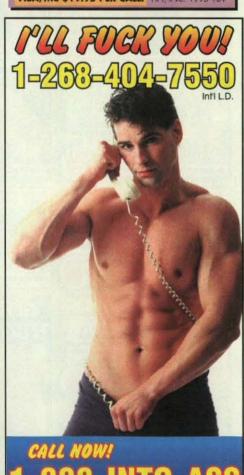














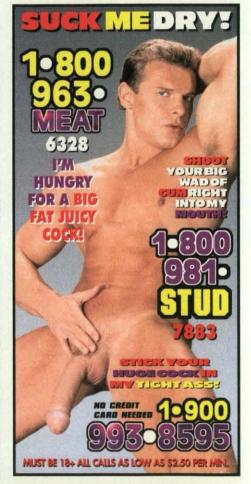














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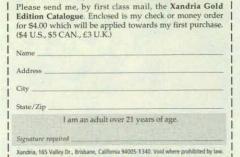
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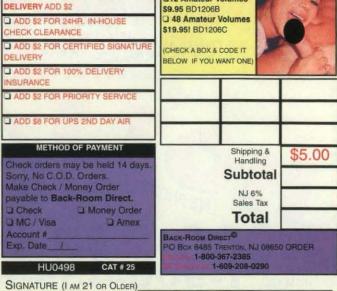


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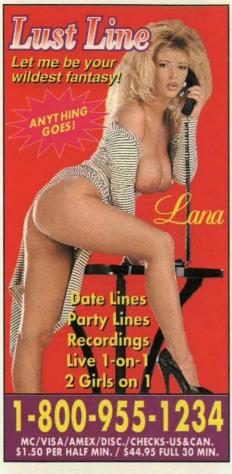
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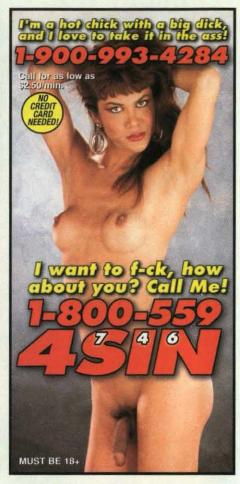


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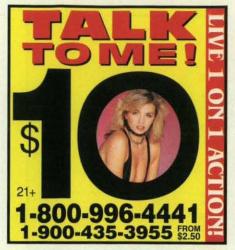
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Dr. Joel Bross is a noted sex therapist, clinical sexologist in private practice since 1974. He specializes in sexual concerns for both woman and men. He is responsible for the production of numerous educational sex videos.



The penis about 3 inches is inserted into the clear tube.



After instruction and pumping this man has enlarged his penis to about 10 inches.



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ENLARGEMENT

BY DR. BROSS

After more pumping the penis is removed from the tube and the penis is about 11 inches.



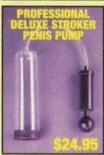
15 inch Dick Rambone in the video feature

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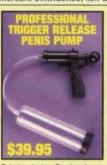
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(continued from page 47)

Hot Letters When Cindy applies a circular frig to her clit, her tongue follows suit on my shaft. Sometimes she wraps her taste buds around me in a manner reminiscent of a bacon slice on a hot dog.

everything from shampoo to toothpaste to Vick's Vapo-Rub, and some of that shit hurts like hell.

Yesterday I was taking a particularly painful piss. It felt like liquid fire passing through my urethra. At first, I thought I'd developed a kidney stone the size of Plymouth Rock. Then orange fluid oozed from my painful, swollen mushroom cap.

My girlfriend, Cindy, was drawn by the screams emanating from the bathroom. She gazed upon my poor, drippy member with a bemused grin. Somewhat hysterical, I lashed out, referring to my significant other as "fucking Typhoid Cindy who probably gave me AIDS with her fucking diseased cunt." It's a good thing Cindy is an understanding soul, accustomed to my outbursts.

"Listen, dipshit," Cindy sighed, squeezing a final nuclear-orange drop from my gland. "I told you not to masturbate with Liquid Drano. That shit's for a different type of plumbing." Of course! I forgot all about the morning's shower, where I found myself fresh out of Jourgensen's Body Wash (my preferred jerkoff juice).

Humbled, I apologized for my rash words and asked, "Do you think you could suck out any remaining poison?" Cindy rolled her eyes, dropped her pants and plopped her big, luscious ass upon the toilet seat, where she proceeded to blow me back to health.

I love watching Cindy fiddle with her meaty cunt as she gives me skull. The strokes of her fingers correspond with the thrust and parry of my man foil in her throat. When Cindy applies a circular frig to her clit, her tongue follows suit on my shaft. Sometimes she wraps her taste buds around me in a manner reminiscent of a bacon slice on a hot dog. Fucking Cindy's mouth never grows old; we've been dating for three years, and she always comes up with some new cocksucking technique to blow me away.

Genital pain was replaced by bloodengorged pleasure as I pulled Cindy to her feet. She stripped away her T-shirt, revealing the fat titties that first attracted me to Cindy in college. At that time, she was a bit chunkier; today, Cindy kept the weight in all the right places. Like in that fuckably huge fanny I mentioned earlier.

"Bend over and grab the toilet seat," I commanded. "I'm going to stick it in your ass, and it's going to hurt you a lot more than it hurts me. Because this time...." I wedged my tip past her sphincters and gasped, "I'm not using any lube." Cindy threw her head back, yowled and backed up to accept my delivery. Clenching her colon, she managed to anally swallow every delicious inch.

"You fucking pig," cried Cindy. "I love your cock in my ass. Tear me a new hole, you rotten fucker!" Lately, Cindy's been talking dirty during sex. It's an interesting development I've gone out of my way to encourage. She used to be so quiet; one night, however, I hit a certain spot while doing her with a vibrator and set off a torrent of obscenities. You don't hear me complaining-although you do hear Cindy halfway down the block.

"Pull it all the way out and jam it all the way in," she continued, more specific by the second. "I don't care if shit flies all over the fucking bathroom. Just force that prick as deep as it will go!" An inch or two below the brownhole battery, Cindy was massaging her cunt nubbin with the palm of her hand. Perhaps clitoral stimulation wasn't enough; I noticed Cindy eyeing the toilet plunger in a most lascivious manner. Politely, I reached past her jiggling cheeks and passed her the wooden handle.

Carefully, Cindy eased the plumber's helper past her labes. While I tore up her backside, my girlfriend shoved more and more of the (quite literal) woody into her guts. At the time, neither one of us considered the dangers of this makeshift dildo; however, since I'm writing this letter as a public service, I must also advise HUSTLER readers not to put anything in a cooze that's not specifically designed for that purpose.

Cindy came hard. She applied the plunger's suction cup to the toilet seat so she could enjoy its length hands-free. Shock waves of orgasm traveled to her rectum, which milked my peter to the bursting point.

"Shoot that evil scum all over my bowels," Cindy screeched. Sometimes I wonder what the neighbors think when they overhear such a quote. Then I'm generally too busy unloading splooge to give a flying crap.

I moaned, "Gahhh," as I sprayed Cindy's shitter with the best lube of all: fresh sperm. Her puckered, leaking butthole looked so invitingly slick upon withdrawal, I stuck my crank back in and peeled off a few more squirts.

Cindy says I should add some kind of warning about anal sex and incontinence, but once again, I could give a flying crap. And so could she. -L. D.

Fairburn, Georgia

Send your sexperiences to HUSTLER Hot Letters, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.



"Hey! I'm eating here!"



Lagrel pagan Picnic PHOTOGRAPHY BY RALPH MEDLAND "Ovid was so right on," muses Laurel, studious "I'd love to run naked into the woods." She classics major. massages her slit. "His stories are like soap operas. I identify "Only, I wouldn't mind being caught." with all the characters, especially when Pan Laurel raises her smooth, round ass in the air. chases nymphs through the forest sporting a "I'd treat his penis to my tongue until he giant erection." Laurel closes the book and grew hard and slick, then I'll turn over and let sighs dreamily. him fuck me...Greek-style."















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HUSTLER

A CLASS BY THEMSELVES

The girls of May HUSTLER drop their gowns and graduate on top of their class. A cosmopolitan blonde slides her fingers into her silky gash and dreams of a hot, horny hump with her husband's hired hand. A disturbed brunette crams hard plastic between her supple thighs and grinds her joy nub on a stiff dummy. An injured Dick receives mouth-to-mouth during a soccer match from a velvet-tongued trainer; the final score, a sweaty 69. A lonely little sister, curious about the grunts and pungent odors from the neighboring bunk, bemoans sharing her room with her selfish sibling. May HUSTLER exposes the real world as rigid and hard on young, gorgeous women in the springtime of their sexuality.

BROKEN PROMISE KEEPERS

Who crucified the Christian dream in America? Straight, white males feel marginalized. Their wives work and act independent. An empty house raises their children. Bill McCartney and his two million Promise Keepers strive to revive faith in failing families. But does their massive popularity and influence extend beyond the household? Skeptical observers denounce the Promise Keepers as a Trojan horse for hard-right conservatives. In Jesus for President: Undercover With the Promise Keepers, HUSTLER correspondent Selwyn Harris crashes a rally where women are banned and men hold hands, searching for the real motivation behind the self-proclaimed apolitical army "reclaiming the country for Christ."

MARRIED TO THE LIFESTYLE

Richard cheats on his wife, Lucy, with all willing sluts. His sexual indiscretions make Lucy's pussy wet, but don't tell her boyfriend, Max. HUSTLER reporter Lara Sterling untangles poly-amorist relations at the Edgewater West Adult Resort, as husbands and wives urge each other to engage in intercourse with multiple lovers. Family Affairs: Married to the Lifestyle makes a bid for married couples trading their privates with friends and strangers at the human swap meet.

BUDDING MAY FLOWERS

Despite the maggots and circling vultures, some men never know when the relationship is dead. May's Sex Play, "Later Days and Better Lays: How to Know You're Done With a Woman," documents the telltale signs of when a cold relationship has stiffened with rigor mortis. Bits & Pieces dresses up Thalidomide babyGap and bends Barbie over into a few new positions; Erotic Entertainment dusts off classic porn; and Beaver Hunt suggests 17 beautiful locations for pitching a tent. Study May HUSTLER hard; you're guaranteed to cum laude.

May HUSTLER on sale March 10, 1998.
HUSTLER's Web site is coming now at http://www.hustler.com









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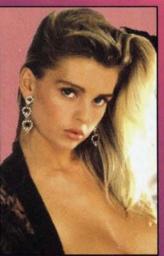
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